

BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1950

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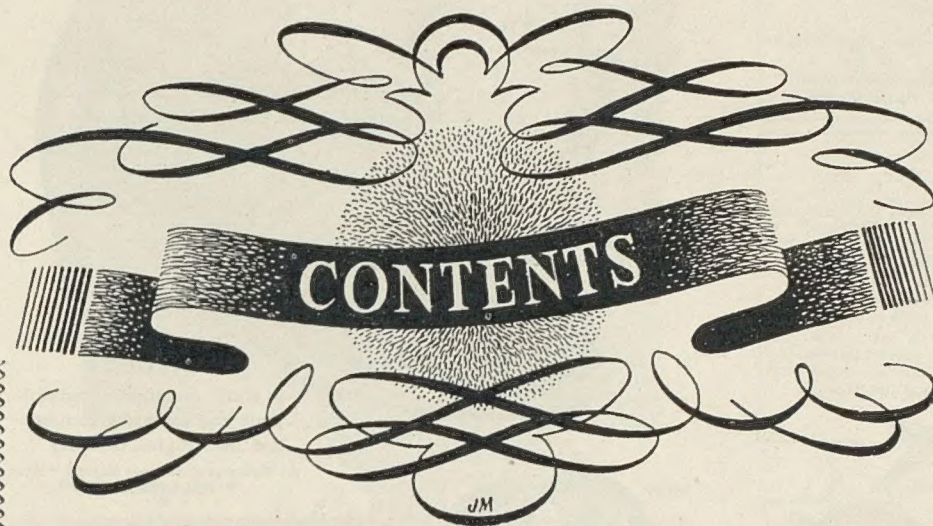
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COMPLETE HOME
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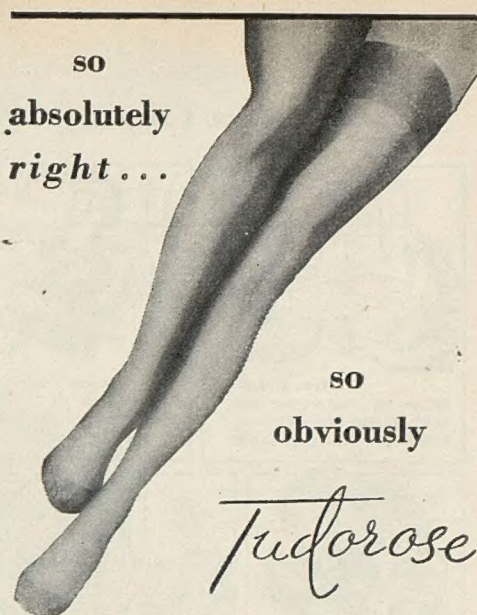
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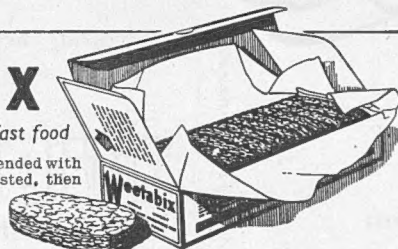
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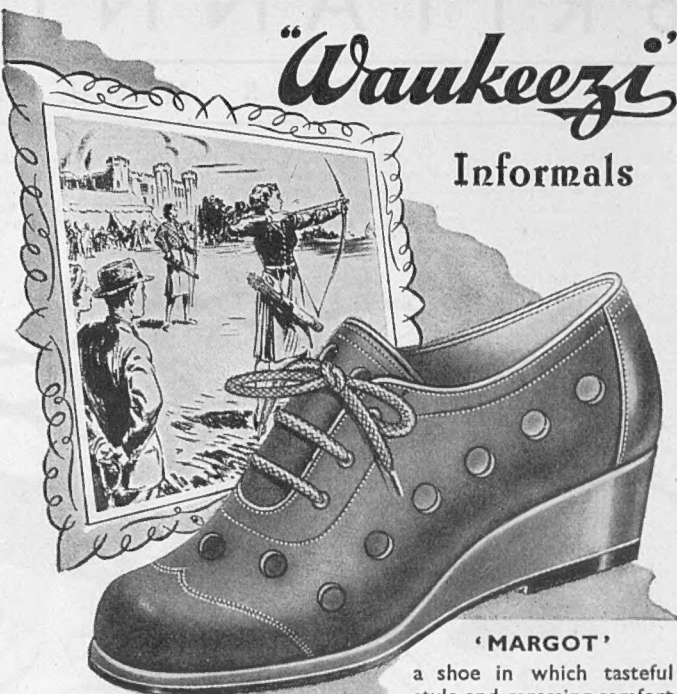
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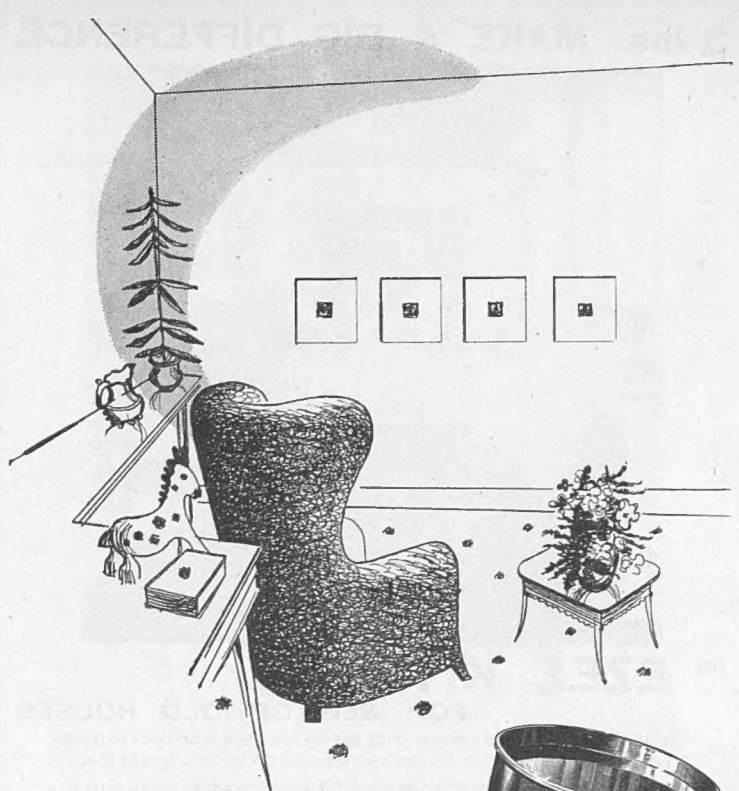


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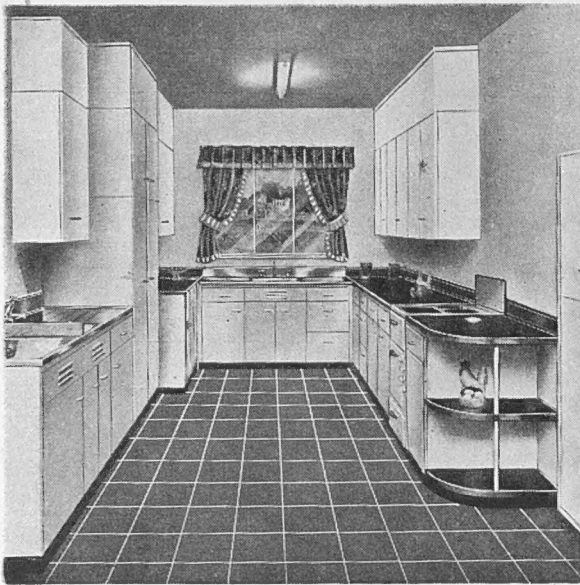


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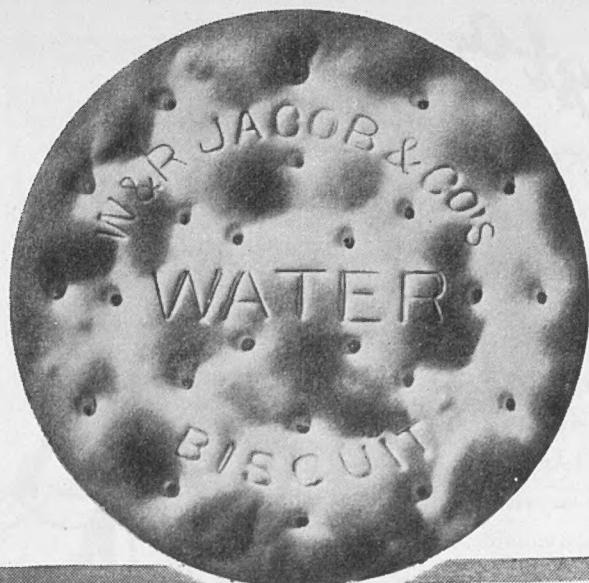
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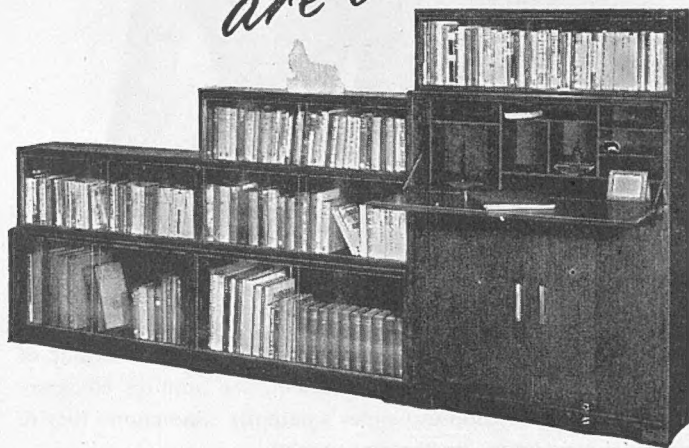


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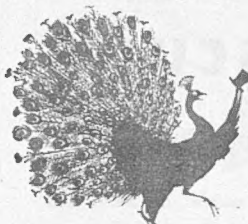
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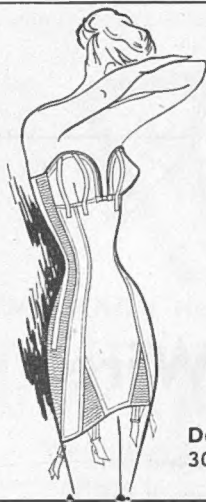


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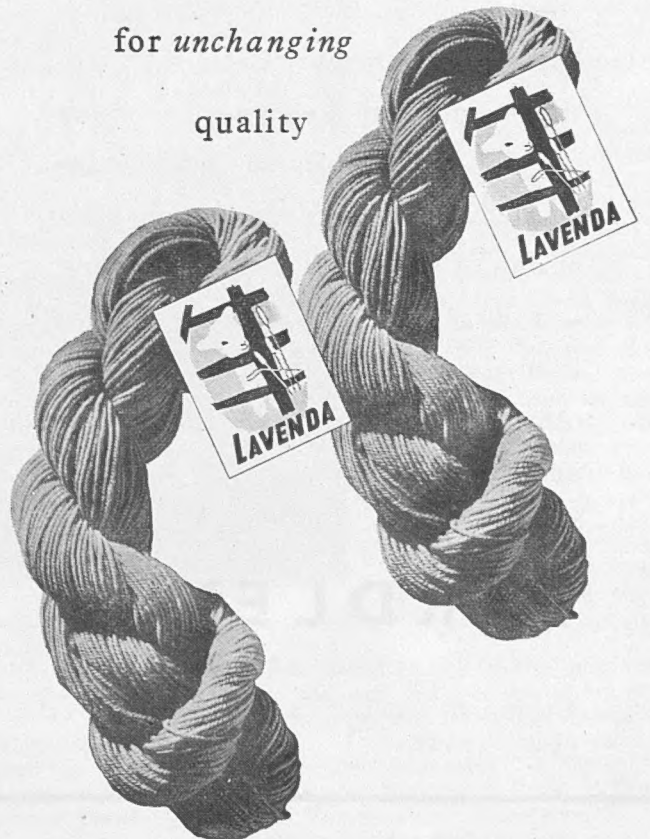
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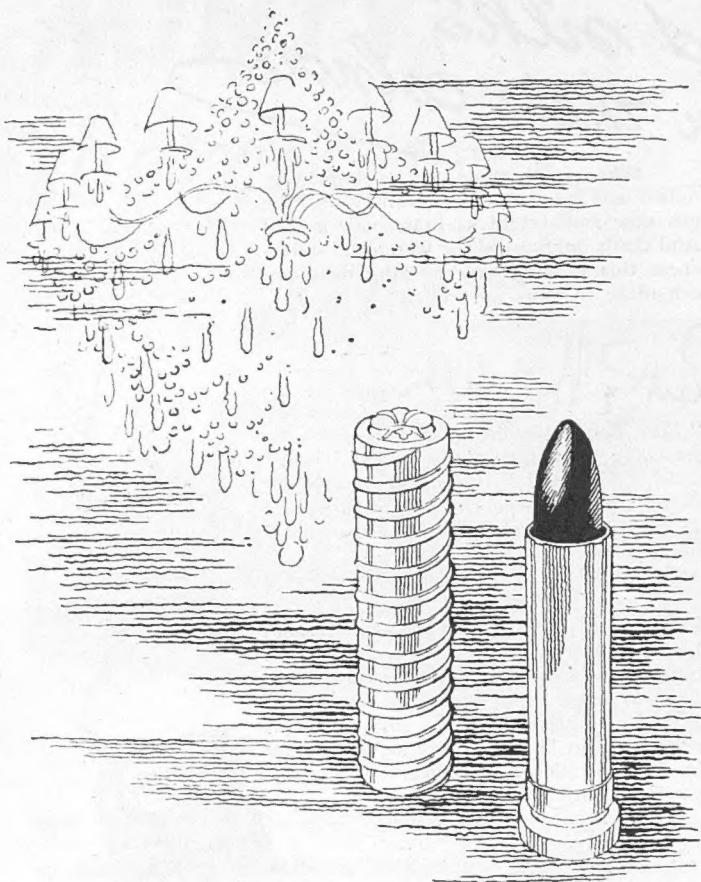
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Britannia & Eve for March, 1950

Britannia and Eve



Russ was a writer who had neither bad nerves nor a wife. His only trouble was sitting in the boat with him now, all curves and practically no costume

"MAY I come aboard?"

Russ Barker looked over his shoulder and almost fell out of the boat with shock. A moment ago Helen Nash had been a thousand miles away and six months back in his memory. Now here she was climbing out of the sea, a mermaid in a French swim-suit, the sort of vision that makes men go down to the sea in ships or anything else that will float.

Russ searched around for his voice. It turned up as a croak and a whistle, like a radio between two stations. "Hello! Did you swim all the way?"

"Just from the beach." Helen took off her cap, and her blonde hair was a ripple of sunlight in the bright day. "I came in on yesterday's 'plane."

"Oh." His voice still didn't seem to be on the right beam. He cleared his throat and abstractedly stroked the boat a few yards through the deep blue water. "Have a nice trip?"

Exasperation did its best to mar Helen's classic features. "Is that all you have to say after six months?"

Russ had finally cleared the static from his voice. "Eh? Oh, no. You're looking well." The swim-suit did very little to obstruct the view of her physical condition.

"Oh, well," Helen said resignedly, and did her best to lounge negligently on the bottom of the boat. "You look well, too."

Silence for a while. The water lapped gently against the boat and flying-fish skidded like ricocheting silver bullets across the surface. The boat drifted over

a patch of coral and the water turned to a clear green. Below it, rainbow-coloured fish flashed away at the disturbance.

"I'd expected to see you before this," Helen said.

"I live over on the other side of the island."

Wallaroo Island was a pattern of green hills and white sand against the blue of sea and sky. Beyond it, other islands

war. There was nothing luxurious about the island, except its natural surroundings. The travel folders just billed it as a tropical paradise where you could live the life of the Swiss Family Robinson, with a few mod. cons. The guests were mostly women who thought they had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown and tired business men who had come up here to forget their business and their wives.

Russ was a writer who had neither bad nerves nor a wife. His only trouble was sitting in the boat with him now, all curves and practically no costume.

They got out and walked up the beach. They made a good-looking pair, Russ brown and big in white shorts and Helen brown and bare in the French swim-suit. The women looked at Russ, their nerves beginning to jangle again, and the tired business men looked at Helen, their minds on business that had nothing to do with stocks and shares.

"I think you'd have done better to have stayed in Sydney," Russ said. "We've talked this over a dozen times already. We've never

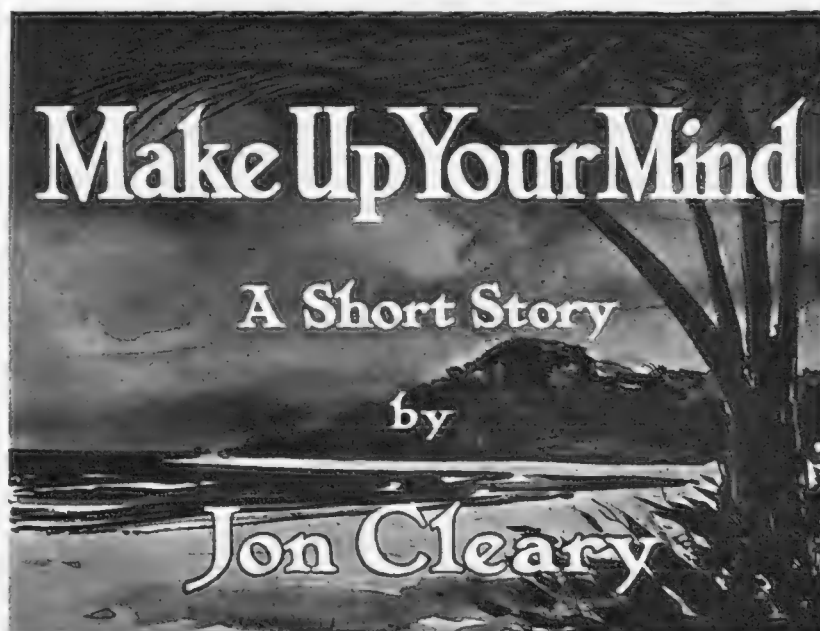
got anywhere. What made you come up here now?"

Helen smiled at two of the men, who pawed the sand like a couple of St. Bernard dogs digging for a lost barrel of brandy. "I thought you might ask me to marry you," she said. "I hoped."

"I've done that," said Russ. "Three times. You said no. Three times."

"But aren't you glad to see me now?"

Russ gestured, helplessly and a little angrily. "All right, I'm glad to see you. In a way, that is. But what made you



stretched away to the north, all part of the chain of the Barrier Reef, and away to the west fat white clouds sat above the thin dark line that was the Queensland coast.

"It's lovely here," Helen said. "I think I might like to live up here." Russ looked at her, and she went on, "For a couple of months each year."

Russ rowed the boat toward the beach. Wallaroo Island had been developed as a holiday resort since the end of the



change your mind? Six months ago you wouldn't even come up to look at the island."

"Nick Evans has asked me to marry him," said Helen.

Russ stopped short. "Where do I fit into this? Or are you thinking of bigamy?"

Helen smiled up at him. "No, darling—"

"Don't let's get that matey just yet. Stick to calling me Russ till I know where I am."

"All right, Russ, dear. I came up here to see if you wanted to marry me, because you've got top priority."

Russ started walking again. They had reached the end of the beach before he spoke. "Let's get this straight. You'll marry me, if I ask you. If I don't ask you, you'll marry Evans. Is that how it is?"

"An ideal synopsis, if I may say so," Helen said.

"Doesn't love enter into this? Or are you in love with both of us?"

"No, I'm just in love with you," Helen said. "But I like Nick a lot. I think I could be happy with him. But I'd be happier with you."

"Up here?"

Helen's big toe drew patterns in the sand. "Well—er—perhaps. That's something we'd have to talk over."

Russ beat the air with a large hand. "Aah! Here we go again." There was the drone of a 'plane and he swung his head to watch the flying-boat as it came in low above the southern point of the bay, then he looked back at Helen. "You'd better pack your gear and catch that 'plane back to Sydney. Let me know when the wedding's going to be and I'll send you a present."

Helen's temper had begun to rise. "What'll it be?" She waved an arm at the trees near them. "A couple of cocoanuts, engraved with the Barker crest?"

Russ stalked off, up along the track leading to his shack on the other side of the island. His heart was playing leap-frog over his thorax, and he knew he was still as much in love with Helen as he'd ever been. He cursed her very roundly and in very blue terms and swore he wouldn't go near the beach again till she had left the island.

That night he put on a clean shirt and shorts and went back down to the beach. Over to the west there was still a wash of pale green light in the sky, but on the beach side of the island the stars were already reflected in the pools among the rocks and beneath the palms the shadows were black. The guests slept in one-room bungalows, but most of these were dark and empty now. Russ walked along toward the main house, where there was a blaze of light and the sound of a three-piece one-tune band. Couples were dancing on the wide verandah, nervous wrecks propped up by tired tycoons, and Russ stood and watched them for a moment. Then he saw Helen, in the arms of a tall, slim man who looked vaguely familiar. They coasted over toward him.

"Hello, Russ," said Helen. "You remember Nick Evans, don't you? He came in on the 'plane this afternoon. Couldn't bear to be without me."

"She exaggerates," Evans said. "I just happened to be passing—"

"Yeah, that was what I was doing," Russ said, and turned to go. "Just thought I'd drop in. Well, so long. I won't be seeing you."

"So long," Evans called after him. "Nice to have had this little chat."

Russ walked off along the beach. He looked out to sea and wondered just how far you could swim before you got to the point of no return. Trouble was, he was a good swimmer. He'd enter the water, aiming at suicide, and finish up in Suva. He walked on and had gone nearly a quarter of a mile up the track leading to his place before Helen caught up with him.

"Phew!" she puffed. "I've run after men before, but never up a hill."

"You could have saved your breath," Russ said. "Evans would have been much less bother."

Helen counted ten, while she got her breath and control of her temper. Then she said sweetly, "May I walk you home?"

"Please yourself," Russ said.

They walked on up the hill. Night was complete now and stars hung low enough to be touched. A warm breeze blew in from the west and out east the sea was falling away from the rising moon. It

was a tropic night made for romance, just as the travel folders advertised.

"You can be a stinker at times," Helen said.

"Don't let's get abusive," Russ said. "Just walk me to my door and then say good-night. And don't embarrass me by asking me to kiss you."

"Kid stuff," Helen said. "I never leave a man at his door."

Russ's shack stood on a cliff looking toward the Queensland coast. It had two rooms, a front verandah and, right in front of it, a sheer drop of a hundred feet to the sea.

"It's not much," he said, "but I call it home."

"You live here all alone?" Helen said.

"Just me and the gulls." He put out his hand. "Well, thanks for seeing me home."

"Aren't you going to ask me in?"

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid you've got the wrong man."

"Oh," said Helen, and played with the buttons of his shirt. "Well, how about a little kiss, huh?"

Russ surrendered passively. The tropics had nothing on Helen for getting a man steamed up. Russ wilted and had to clutch her tightly for support.

"That's better," Helen said. "Don't let go."

"This isn't going to get us anywhere," Russ said.

"We're doing all right as it is," Helen said, and kissed him again. "Look, I know this is a bit sudden, but will you marry me?"

"Where would we live?" Russ said.

Helen sat down on the steps leading up to the verandah. In the starlight her hair looked like a cap of silver, falling sleekly and heavily to just below her ears. "Russ, my love, let's look at this sensibly. I've seen your island and I agree with you—it's glorious. But only for a holiday. You couldn't go on living here for ever. Why, you—you'd just shrivel up and die before your time!"

"The heat's not that bad," Russ said.

"I don't mean the heat. I mean the idleness, the stagnation—"

"It may interest you to know I've written more in the six months I've been up here than in two years in Sydney. And it's stuff the editors are buying."



"I haven't had a rejection slip in months——"

"All right," Helen said resignedly, and stood up. "Stop skiting. We all know how good you are."

Russ felt like hammering her into the ground, but he was still too weak from her kisses and the memories they had revived. They had argued over this point for two years, ever since they'd first met, and finally Russ had moved up here on his own. Helen loved Sydney and the gay round she had followed ever since she'd taken the braces off her teeth: lunch at Princes, dancing at the various golf clubs, surfing at Palm Beach, doing everything that a well-heeled father and an inheritance from a well-heeled, but well-buried, grandfather allowed her to do. Russ, who'd never had braces on his teeth and wouldn't have been able to afford them had he needed them and whose father was only well-heeled because he was a boot-repairer, liked the quiet life: a hike in the Blue Mountains, a few bottles of beer with some cobbles on a beach at night after they'd been prawning, a home here on Wallaroo Island. Helen and Russ were completely unsuited to each other; nevertheless they were as much in love as two people could possibly be.

"Well, don't you see what I'm getting at?" Russ said. "I've got to live, and I make more money living up here——"

"We've talked about that, too," Helen said. "What happens to my money when we marry? I can't give it away—grand-dad's will won't let me——"

"We aren't going to use it to live on—get that out of your head. We live on my money or we starve. And if I have to do my writing in the city, we'll probably starve."

Helen got up and began to walk back along the track. "I'd rather starve in Sydney than stagnate up here. At least it would be a quicker death."

"Do you want me to walk back with you?" Russ said.

But just then Evans came stumbling down the track. He pulled up short a few yards from them. "Oh—sorry! Am I butting into something? I just found this path and started to follow it—I got a bit tired of the dance when you buzzed off, Helen——"

"Let's go back," Helen said. "I just feel like a dance—something to wake me up——"

"She's beginning to stagnate," said Russ.

Helen and Evans disappeared arm-in-arm along the track. Russ walked to the edge of the cliff and looked over, decided it was too far to jump, walked back to his shack

Russ came to the surface to see Evans being hauled into the boat by Gerry. Helen was shouting frantically something that Russ couldn't catch, but that he took to be advice to get a move on



and went to bed. He lay awake for quite a while, thinking of Helen, then dropped off to sleep and dreamed of Jane Russell.

NEXT morning Russ wrestled with himself for an hour or two, then finally gave in and went down to the beach. The wrecks and the weary were having fun with a turtle race. Four giant turtles were the steeds and the jockeys were four swim-suited girls, Helen among them. There was a great deal of yelling as the turtles inched their way across the sand. Russ, who preferred to eat turtle rather than ride it, stood and watched with the superior air of the local who sneers at the naïve antics of strangers.

"The way some people amuse 'emselves!" Russ turned to see a grizzled character, burnt almost black and dressed in a pair of faded blue shorts, standing behind him. "I dunno why I took this job. I get more disgusted every day."

"Hello, Jerry," Russ said. Jerry Simpson was employed to look after the boats belonging to the resort. "Stop belly-aching."

"Well, did you ever see such a bunch of bunnies? And look at them sheilas. They're practically naked. It's enough to give the turtles ideas. I dunno, I'm thinking of tossing up the job. I'm losing all respect for the human race."

"I'm with you, old-timer," Russ said; then had an idea: "Let's get drunk."

"There ain't a bottle left on the island. Them drogos had a party last night and cleaned out the stock. See that blonde sheila on that turtle in front, the one with not as much swimming costume as the others? She suggested it. She come busting into the place—I was out at the back and could hear her even out there—and yells, 'Let's have a party!' So they had a party. And now there ain't a bottle on the island. We gotta wait till the boat comes over from the mainland t'morrer." He looked hopefully at Russ. "Unless you got a coupla bottles?"

Russ shook his head. "I was depending on you."

Jerry spat in the sand. "Well, I gotta go out and get another turtle. The boss wants to put on turtle soup some time."

"Why doesn't he use one of those?" Russ nodded toward the turtles now approaching the winning-post.

"He thinks it might upset the guests," Jerry said. "He reckons they got a personal interest in them turtles. No, I gotta go out and catch a stranger, one they won't mind eating. Wanna come?"

(Continued on page 60)

Helen and Russ looked at each other, then Russ turned to Jerry. "Bring those bottles of beer here and we'll drink to us, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Barker, of Sydney and Wallaroo Island"



YOU see, I have put a question-mark. For it's a grave matter to pin so unattractive a label upon a whole generation—by which, in this instance, shall be understood those between, say, fifteen and the late twenties. "I couldn't care less." How easily does it fleck the talk of all too many of them. Most times it seems to slip out without a second's reflection. The Wildean utterly-utterly affectation of ennui with its lilies and languors was at least couched in wit; the couldn't-care-less preciosities give the impression of being allergic to the thought process itself.

Yet I'm told this catchphrase which must nauseate many more than it sates, was not without a certain nobility of origin. It did not come from America. The Americans took it on. It originated on R.A.F. airfields, among crews waiting about to be sent on missions, a sufficiency of which generated a bored fatalism.

"What's the gen? Hamburg or Berlin?"

"I couldn't care less."

Wrafs cottoned to it as a *distingué*, total way of dismissing the known feelings towards them, of X and Y (I first heard it in such context in

The Couldn't-Care-Less GENERATION?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

1944) and from this to its use by *blasé* young men on leave, to insinuate their wealth of amatory opportunity, was but a step, though enough to set the catchphrase on its "popular" career.

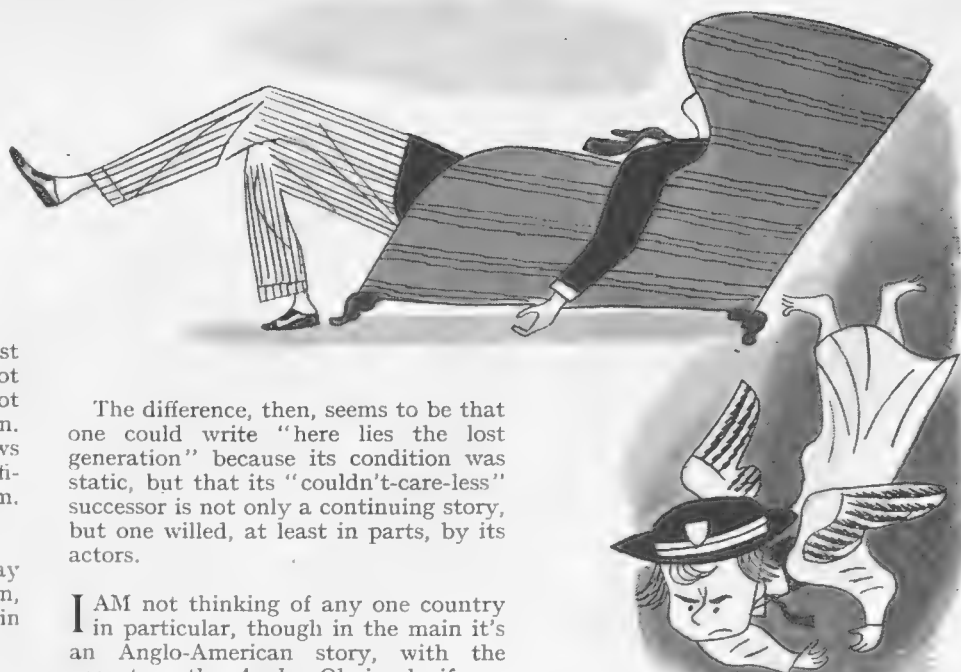
There's a big difference between "the lost generation" after the first World War, and "the couldn't-care-less generation" after the second (if you accept the latter's existence; I'm not pressing it on you).

AT breakfast this morning I learnt with Achagrin that "the lost generation" is still thought to have been a breed of amoral drunks primarily associated with the bars of Montparnasse in the early twenties. Wrong, wrong.

The designation was the invention of Gertrude Stein, and for once she was not juggling with words. Holding court on the Paris left bank, Miss Stein delved into the states of mind of young men who had been with the Allied Forces, and gradually she came to set one age-group apart from the rest. These were the ones who had gone straight from school or college into the war, adolescents who, with no previous experience of adult life, quickly found themselves enveloped in the emotional and sensual complexities of most bizarre times.

The result, in the Stein estimation, was a generation without roots or bearings, one that had never had anything—any sense of values—to go by, and found itself in what were chaotic postwar conditions—adrift, lost. If alcoholism and toughness came to be associated with "the lost generation," that was because its chronicler-in-chief, Hemingway, took a Montparnasse bar—the Dingo—as his kicking-off point. Some who were "lost" in an arresting way consorted there.

But Hemingway—and no one was more closely studied by Miss Stein, than himself—would be the first to agree that "the lost generation" was spread far beyond bars and debauchery.



The difference, then, seems to be that one could write "here lies the lost generation" because its condition was static, but that its "couldn't-care-less" successor is not only a continuing story, but one willed, at least in parts, by its actors.

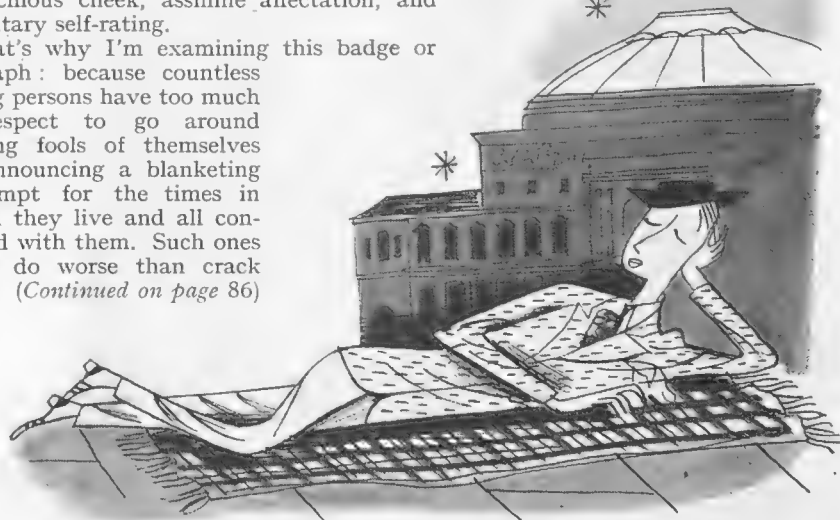
I AM not thinking of any one country in particular, though in the main it's an Anglo-American story, with the accent on the *Anglo*. Obviously if you started couldn't-caring-less behind the "Iron Curtain," you'd get a kick in the pants—or panties—and pretty quick, too. No; we have to do essentially with a *malaise*, or a pose, closely related to the play of individuality ("personality" sounds too flattering) and it seems to me to boil down to—how much is honest fed-upness and how much conceited pretence?

ONE who takes the former view, thinks that when young persons intone "I couldn't care less" they are responding to chords of hopelessness induced by the outlook in their personal worlds. They feel the odds are too heavy, not worth the effort of combating. As if they are saying: "It's all a hopeless mess, so why worry? What's it matter, what they think, say, or do? It'll all probably end in the atom-bomb anyway." In fact, a toned down version of the nihilism rampant among their opposites, in Germany.

Wartime familiarity with danger and sudden death may have numbed some of them. Others are no doubt sickened by contemporary actions which would have made a Robespierre wince. Still more belong to the demobbed and disenchanted.

Given that cases of pure passiveness do exist in quantity—young people with no wish either to become involved in their dubious life and time, or to be offensive to others—surely they can do better than fall back on one of the most obnoxious catchphrases of the century in order to portray their attitude to society? To me, it will never breathe anything but supercilious cheek, assinine affectation, and insanitary self-rating.

That's why I'm examining this badge or epigraph: because countless young persons have too much self-respect to go around making fools of themselves by announcing a blanketing contempt for the times in which they live and all concerned with them. Such ones could do worse than crack down (Continued on page 86)





Joan Gilbert, editor of the weekly television magazine programme "Picture Page" and appears as its hostess

(On right) Algernon Blackwood the eighty years old story teller. Was awarded last year the British Television Society medal for outstanding personal contribution to television



Desmond Walter-Ellis, the first actor television star and the only one to have seventy different performances to his credit. Romped to favour in television versions of the Aldwych farces



Britain's First

FROM south Yorkshire to the South Coast, and from the Welsh Border to the Wash, television is now recruiting thousands of new viewers every month. Already it is watched by a million pairs of eyes. By 1954 eighty per cent of the population will be covered by B.B.C. television transmitters.

Even so, soon, it is apparent that television is making its own stars. A medium in its own right, it makes peculiar demands on those who face the stern test of its cameras. Few who are already its star assets are prominent in other fields of entertainment. All show, either by natural gift, or deliberate study, that they have what television can most successfully exploit.

Television viewers regard them with affection, because

television projects them in a most intimate way, putting them right into the family circle. For this reason, an unparalleled kind of national reputation awaits them in the next few years.

How have they launched themselves so early on top of the swelling television wave? Increasingly I am asked this question by talented aspirants for this newest kind of fame and glory

It seems that only people having a natural unselfconsciousness, and sterling sincerity, can really score as television personalities.

It seems, too, that only actors and actresses having the most polished technique, and a style of acting more realistic than that required in theatre or film studio, can make the grade.

This is not to say that the opportunity television offers is not wide. Britain's first television stars have a variety of talents. By widely differing routes have they reached the top, at the start.

THERE can be little doubt that the first TV star was Leslie Mitchell, nor that he is still one of Alexandra Palace's best assets. He started with the inestimable advantage—though difficult task—of having to win the hearts of the very first viewers, when British television opened up in 1936. He was its first announcer. His was the face which launched it all—in spasmodic test transmissions, before real programmes began.

He won admirers straightaway, by the inconsequential and amusing manner with which he merely sat in front of a television camera, and made conversation, so that we could tune in a picture on our first television sets. When programmes began, his spontaneity and handsomeness soon made him the ace of television comperes and commentators:

To-day he holds his position by a single weekly appearance, as interviewer, in television's "Picture Page," a parade of news personalities. Here, he can make friendly, yet suitably dignified conversation with a statesman or a bishop one moment, and have everybody feeling at home with a dustman, the next. Not a little of his

success is undoubtedly due to a velvet-gloved toughness, which has been known to induce sweet reasonableness into temperamental situations behind the scenes!

Irene Worth—as the Duchess in Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*—is recognized as first lady of the home screen. Her contribution to television drama is going to be long remembered





Leslie Mitchell, the first television star. Was television's first announcer. He now makes a single weekly appearance, as interviewer in "Picture Page." In the picture above he is seen with Captain Cunningham and his assistant Reg Grainger demonstrating the way to open oysters at the Catering Exhibition at Olympia

Television Stars

By Kenneth Baily

WITH Mitchell in "Picture Page" is Joan Gilbert, who edits the programme, and appears as its hostess. Blonde, rippling, delightfully erratic, it is her unpredictable conversation which has kept her a television favourite since the end of the war. Faced by a titled scientist, who was giving a very technical description of jet propulsion, she brought him down to earth by saying, "You can't go all scientific on a blonde!"

She started her career, before television days, as secretary to the producer of radio's "In Town To-night." Now, behind her weekly appearance, is a week's hectic work, finding topical personalities for "Picture Page." Sometimes she does not make her final choice until a few hours before the programme goes on the air.

THE first actor television star is also the only one to have seventy different performances to his credit. He is also very much television's own star, since—in my view, unfortunately—few theatregoers will recognize the name: Desmond Walter Ellis. Yet, when Alexandra Palace holds its annual garden party, it is always Desmond Walter Ellis who is most mercilessly mobbed by autograph hunters.

Tall, lanky, and shamelessly nicknamed "the nose," this actor has won his top place by a sheer study of how to play comedy and farce in the trickily restrained manner television demands. He romped to favour in television versions of the Aldwych farces, musical comedy, and parts written for him in special television features.

AMONG the actresses who have submitted themselves to the close scrutiny of the television camera, I have no hesitation in placing Irene Worth as first lady of the home screen. She achieved this position by the beauty, power and versatility of four markedly different performances within a year. Her moving portrayal in Anouilh's difficult, and most abstract *Antigone*, stayed in the mind for days

Desmond Walter-Ellis as the magistrate, Mr. Posket, in Arthur Pinero's three-act farce, *The Magistrate*. This actor has won his top place by a sheer study of how to play comedy and farce in the trickily restrained manner television demands

after. It was a piece of fine, spiritual illumination.

Yet, she has also scored wittily, as a frothy lady in a frothy comedy; and, again, in another key as a white girl caught in a pathetic situation of love and the colour bar; and once more, as Webster's tumultuous, passionate and beautiful *The Duchess of Malfi*.

American by birth, Miss Worth came to Britain because she believed the British theatre the best, and spent a year studiously ridding herself of all trace of American accent. In television, she forgets the stage, acts to the fireside (Continued on page 72)



Who owns Britain?

*The Tendency Has For Years
Been Towards The Break
Up Of The Great Landed
Estates In Private Ownership*

By George Godwin

FIFTY years ago, 2,500 individuals possessed between them a half share of the total land area of the British Isles.

There are still a number of great estates that in any other land would rank as principalities, the largest being that of the Duke of Sutherland—350,000 acres—but their total number has dwindled to a point where there remain only 460 estates in the land over one thousand acres.

Notable fortresses still holding out against the battering ram of death duties and penal income tax are those of the Duke of Devonshire, 190,000 acres; of the Duke of Buccleuch, 100,000, the Marquis of Bute, 117,000 and that of the Duke of Westminster, no less than six hundred acres in the most desirable quarter of London.

The process of the break up of the great landed estates, many dating from the eighteenth century, when a new land-owning class arose out of our expanding overseas commerce, and, in particular, from the riches brought from the Orient by the nabobs of the East India Company. It is these great estates and some of far earlier origin, that are the subject of political assault.

But it would be quite wrong to assume that the penalization of the big landowner is a phenomenon peculiar to our age and to its ideologies. Attacks on the big landowner have occurred at several points in our history. For example, those great landowners who espoused the Stuart cause found themselves on the wrong side

at the conclusion of the Civil War and the victims of the land taxes imposed by the victorious Parliamentarians.

Again, at the time of the Marlborough campaigns the taxes put upon land to pay for those ventures was one that brought a considerable acreage of fine land on to the market.

Who bought these fractions of the great estates thus sold? A new class of landowner altogether: the man of commerce, the successful lawyer (judges at that period were avid of land and big buyers) the man whose political star was in the ascendant.

LET us take a Domesday view of the situation as it exists to-day, having glanced at historical trends.

The greatest landowner in Britain to-day is the British people. No less than five million acres of land are under direct government ownership and control. That is eleven per cent of the total acreage of Britain.

This total figure includes the following. Land managed by the Forestry Commissions, mostly sandy soil of no agricultural use, but well adapted for forestry development, particularly for conifers. By the end of next year there will be 805,000 acres of new woodland under State management.

The next largest government departmental landowner is the Coal Board. It manages a million acres. Crown Lands, that is lands ceded by the Crown in exchange for a fixed Civil List, amount

to 250,000 acres, a considerable part being exceedingly valuable urban property. In addition, the Crown Lands include about fifty very magnificent country estates.

The next great landowner is the Established Church through the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Church is landowner to the extent of 330,000; and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have about the same freehold acreage.

Local authorities manage half a million acres for us, and the National Trust owns 140,000 acres, mostly either natural preserves or parklands or great historical homes and estates surrendered by their former owners to meet the impossible conditions of lavish-scale living to-day.

The great insurance companies come next on our list, headed by the mammoth Prudential. Between them the insurance companies own to the value of £35 million, the figure, in area, is not easily ascertained, but included are some of the finest estates and agricultural and urban properties in Britain.

While the tendency has for years been towards the break up of the great landed estates in private ownership, another contrary trend is in evidence, namely, the rise of the great company as landowner.

THERE remain the relative small parcels of land. Who owns these?

For some time there has been a trend towards the (Continued on page 70)

The Covered Man

BRENDA TRENTON had never known fear before. It struck suddenly, like a hawk, closing talons over her heart. It happened while she was watching the approaching safari wagon bumping and swaying along the track. Behind it rose billowing dust clouds as the tyres cracked the baked earth and spat the gritty fragments upwards.

One moment she was wondering who could be coming from Nairobi; the next, she was in the grip of an indefinable dread. It was as if her mind had sent out a feeler across the sun-scorched distance and picked up the uneasy vibrations of danger.

She wished that Miles hadn't gone to the far side of the estate. He'd left soon after dawn to supervise the clearing of a patch of bush; gone grumbling: "Thirty natives—and they'll not do the work of five whites!" He wouldn't be back much before sundown, and the safari wagon would reach the farm within an hour.

She watched it disappear down the

To Forget The Past—That Was The Reason Miles Went Farming In Africa

By Michael Hastings

steep slope of a donga; but the obscure menace remained. She tried to banish fear with calm thinking. Kirk Frant was their nearest neighbour. A cheerful, gossipy little man with a thin, faded wife and three sickly children. But Frant didn't possess a safari wagon; he drove about in a rattling, shabby old car fit for the junk heap. Other callers were very rare. Deliberately, Miles had selected a farm which was, as he called it, "on the doorstep of Nowhere." They were far from the white settlements which spread north of the capital—such places as Nyeri and Thika.

IT was an isolation which suited Miles; but which went hard with her at times. She could understand. He'd failed in the struggle which was civilized life; but had succeeded in retreat. So the loneliness of it suited him; but for her

there were moments of strain, of craving for some of the lost things. True, there were the occasional trips to Nairobi, sometimes alone, sometimes with Miles. Yet she couldn't love the place, although it was growing it was still similar to her first, disappointed impressions. She saw it as a wide main street, with a few buildings looking oddly out of place among the shacks. It was, to her, not so much a city as a base from which people set out on safari. The talk there was farming, and sisal, and the way the Indian merchants had all the money, the expense of railway



AT first this life to Miles and Brenda had seemed crowded with adventure and excitement; but these just wilted in the sun and only work was left. Clearing the thorn-bush and levelling gigantic ant-hills

travel, the ground nuts in Tanganyika. And scandal. She was always glad when they'd left the hotel and were heading north again.

And the best way of living, she'd found, was to pretend that those other places she could see so clearly were the settings of a book she'd read sometime. The old moated house in Suffolk, where tench swam under the windows. And the white Cheshire house, thrusting out above the heavy clusters of gorse, with the big windows overlooking the long line of the Welsh hills and the splendid sunsets over the expanse of sand. And the cream, severe square frontage of the house in a Hampstead street, with a scar at one side of the door where a brass plate had been taken down.

Yes, these belonged to a different existence. Life—her life—had begun with a liner slowly moving through islands decked with palms, and with the air filled with scent of spices and a peculiar sweetness which made it heavy in the heat. That was Kilindini. At first this life had seemed crowded with adventure and excitement; but these fast wilted in the sun and only work was left. Clearing the thorn-bush, sinking bore-holes for the precious water which would irrigate the crops, levelling gigantic ant-hills. Fighting to keep disease from the cattle, which were half native, half Ayrshire. Bringing necessities over roads which were only tracks. Jolting and bumping. Breaking-down. And, in the rainy season, heaving cars out of clinging mud which greedily swallowed the axles.

Miles was often worn out, needing all the care and protection she could give him. Her reward was his content in this life of isolation, in the banishing of the shadows which the past had left in his eyes.

And now, this fear which struck at her, was not for herself but for Miles.

THE hour had been exceeded by ten minutes before the safari wagon reached the farmhouse. Brenda recognized the driver, she'd seen him lounging about in the Stanley Hotel, ready to offer his services as driver and guide. He was a thin, leather-skinned man, badly worn by the tropics. His passenger, who climbed out stiffly as the car stopped, was very different. She'd never seen him before; but she recognized him. Panic was increasing within her; but one part of her mind was cool and calm.

Put on weight since that portrait was taken: it suggested.

The man who came towards her, a smile crescenting his small mouth, was pouchy. There were pouches under his eyes, and his cheeks hung loosely; his stomach wobbled a little, suggesting that but for the clothes which restricted it, it would wobble from side to side. Although she didn't offer her hand he seized it moistly, and held it limply as he said: "You must be Miles's wife."

Coldly, freeing her hand, she replied: "And I recognize you from a photograph. You're his brother, Gilbert."

He nodded. "That's right. Gilbert Trenton Garside. Of course, Miles has dropped the Garside, hasn't he?"

"He's dropped the past," she said. The words sounded defensive.

"Can't say that I blame him. Struck off, and a prison sentence. Wouldn't have mattered so much in some countries; but they're sticky about drugs in England. Of course, he was a fool to mix himself up with that woman." He stopped abruptly. "He told you all about it?"

"Naturally."

Again, he nodded. "That's Miles. May sound odd; but he's too honest. The wrong kind of honesty. He'd have helped himself if he'd put forward a defence."

"Was there one?" she asked calmly.

"I suppose there wasn't really. Not in law, which deals with facts, not feelings." He hesitated. "But I haven't come to bring the past back to him."

Inside her, there was a lessening of uneasiness; but she was still wary. Looking past him she saw the driver slowly taking two large cases from the car.

"We'd no warning that you were coming," she said.

"No. I wasn't at all sure myself. Then I found that I wanted to talk to Miles. I intended to stay somewhere else. I was told that some people named Frant could put me up, and that they

lived near to you. But when we drove out there, we found there was sickness in the house. So the only thing was to come straight on."

"I can soon have a room ready," she said, remembering her duties as a hostess. "I'm afraid Miles won't be back until later in the day. He's over the far side of the estate, doing some bush clearing."

"It can wait. There's no particular urgency."

"What about your driver?"

"He's due back, I think."



The man came over to them, one case in each hand. Brenda remembered that his name was Steven Alford. "You'll stay for a meal?" she invited.

He set the cases down, smiled, and shook his head. "Thank you, ma'am; but I must be getting back right away. I'd only reckoned to drive out as far as the Frant's place. Coming on here has upset my schedule. I've a southbound trip from Nanyuki and I'll only just make it in time."

Gilbert Garside turned to him. "You'll be out again day after to-morrow?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, sir."

"Remember what I told you—no talking about it. I'll pay for silence."

It seemed to Brenda Trenton that Alford came near to winking. But all he said, quietly, was: "I understand perfectly, sir." Then, with a nod, he went back to the car. It left with a roar and a cloud of dust. For a moment they stood staring after it; but Brenda reminded herself of her duties.

Illustrations
by
S. Jresilian



MILES stood up. His voice seemed to come from far away, with a dignity which Brenda had never heard before. "Frant," he said, "I'm a doctor. I was struck off and imprisoned for a drug offence—but I'm still a doctor. I'll come back with you"

"I'll have one of the boys bring your things. Fortunately we've a spare room—even though we rarely have visitors."

"Miles hasn't changed so much, I suppose. He was never one for much of a social life. Might have

avoided a lot of trouble had he mixed more. A bit secretive, too."

She said nothing. Perhaps Gilbert didn't know just how much she knew. Perhaps Miles had been a little retiring, inclined to retreat into his shell; but Gilbert was exaggerating. Probably that was his story to justify himself. She knew that Miles had

been bitter once, long ago, about the brother who had dropped him completely in time of trouble. She had the unreal feeling that none of this was actually happening, that it was all a dream texture. There was that unreality. It was an interval, suspending the unrolling of time. She found that she had to look at Gilbert again, to make sure that it was true.

"Comfortable," he said, as he glanced round the room. "I see he's kept his books. He was always fond of reading. I recognize several of these."

NOW that she was over the impact of the shock, she was more critical. She realized that Gilbert's voice was husky and wheezy, as if he had difficulty in supplying breath for the effort of talking. And his prowling about the room, she suspected, was not so much interest as a device for concealing something. She felt that behind the exterior of lazy fat there was a brain spinning away with all the purposeful activity of a spider.

"No medical books," he said suddenly. He seemed put out by the discovery.

"They're packed away," she explained.

"Ah." The reply had pleased him, though she couldn't understand why.

"Now, shall I take you to the guest-room?"

"Good of you. I'm not used to this heat. It's a torment. I'd like to lie down."

"You can rest. I'll have the boys fix the room later. What about food?"

He shook his head. "I eat little. Trying to reduce my weight."

He curved his small mouth into a smile. "Not very successful with it."

She took him to the room, saw that the slats were down over the windows, giving shade and an impression of coolness. As she went back to the door, he began to struggle out of his jacket. Then he fired a question at her. "What about his instruments? He's kept them, surely?"

"Some of them. Every farmer has to

give a little elementary medical attention to his native workers."

"I see. That's good." But he didn't explain why he thought it good. He kicked off his shoes,

showing silk socks stretched around thick ankles. He dropped on to the bed, stared up at the furled netting and said: "Can't breathe under those things," and seemed to drop off to sleep immediately. Brenda closed the door gently and went back to the living-room. Seeing M'Pishi, one of the boys, a short plump figure in a white cotton kanza, going past the window she toyed with the idea of writing a short note and sending it to Miles. And decided against it. She saw herself as the bastion

between her husband and the outer world. She could leave him in peace until sundown and maybe, in that time, she could find a way of dealing with Gilbert.

Why had he come to them? He was after something, she was certain. Yet what could he want? From what Miles had told her she knew that Gilbert had quickly amassed wealth. He was the type of man who acted as a magnet so far as money was concerned. There was the suggestion of wealth in his clothing, and the cases which stood in his room, and in the ring with the diamond which he wore on the little finger of his right hand. These things hinted that he was as rich as ever.

Rich and loathsome. She hated him for his padded complacency, for the way he'd left Miles in the (Continued on page 66)

(Below) A toad between a pair of toadstools. The days are past when crusades were planned for its extermination, and most of the myths about its evil doings have been exploded



From Sinner To Saint

*Some Interesting Facts
About The Toad Which
Is A Gardener's Ally
And A Farmer's Friend*

By Cecily Morrison

IS not the toad the most maligned of all God's creatures? Its supposed accomplishments range from causing warts and turning wine sour, to curing nosebleed and dropsy: from robbing birds' nests and sending dogs mad, to harbouring golden pebbles in its head. If hung by one leg in the stable it will guard the health of horses, yet to have contact with this vile creature is to converse with the devil. As an ingredient in witches' potions and sorcerers' spells, the toad has no equal. In fact, its evil power is such that only three centuries ago, Vanini the philosopher

A Fowler's toad emerging from hibernation. Toads fast in hibernation for five or six months every year

was condemned to be burnt alive for keeping a toad in a glass jar.

Yet, in truth, there are few animals less harmful to humans and more helpful to agriculture than the toad. With its insatiable appetite for insect, bug, caterpillar and beetle, what greater ally could a gardener desire?

From April to October, when the dew lies on the grass at sundown, the toad emerges from its hide to feed. Only if there is a heavy shower will it appear during the daytime, for it is not the light but the dryness that the toad dislikes, and often on the driest of summer nights it will not feed at all. Walking slowly and sedately, the toad goes about its hunting, stopping dead before its quarry and shooting out its sticky tongue like a miniature whip.

It is a curious fact that of all the superstition surrounding the toad, none attaches to its tongue. Yet more than any other feature, this has aroused the interest of naturalists. The tongue lies in the mouth with the tip pointing backwards down the animal's throat, with the base hinged just behind the lower lip. In action, the

(On left) A Fowler's toad singing with throat sac inflated



And Six Men Died

Who Served "The Strangest Ship
Ever To Sail The Seven Seas"

By Warren Armstrong

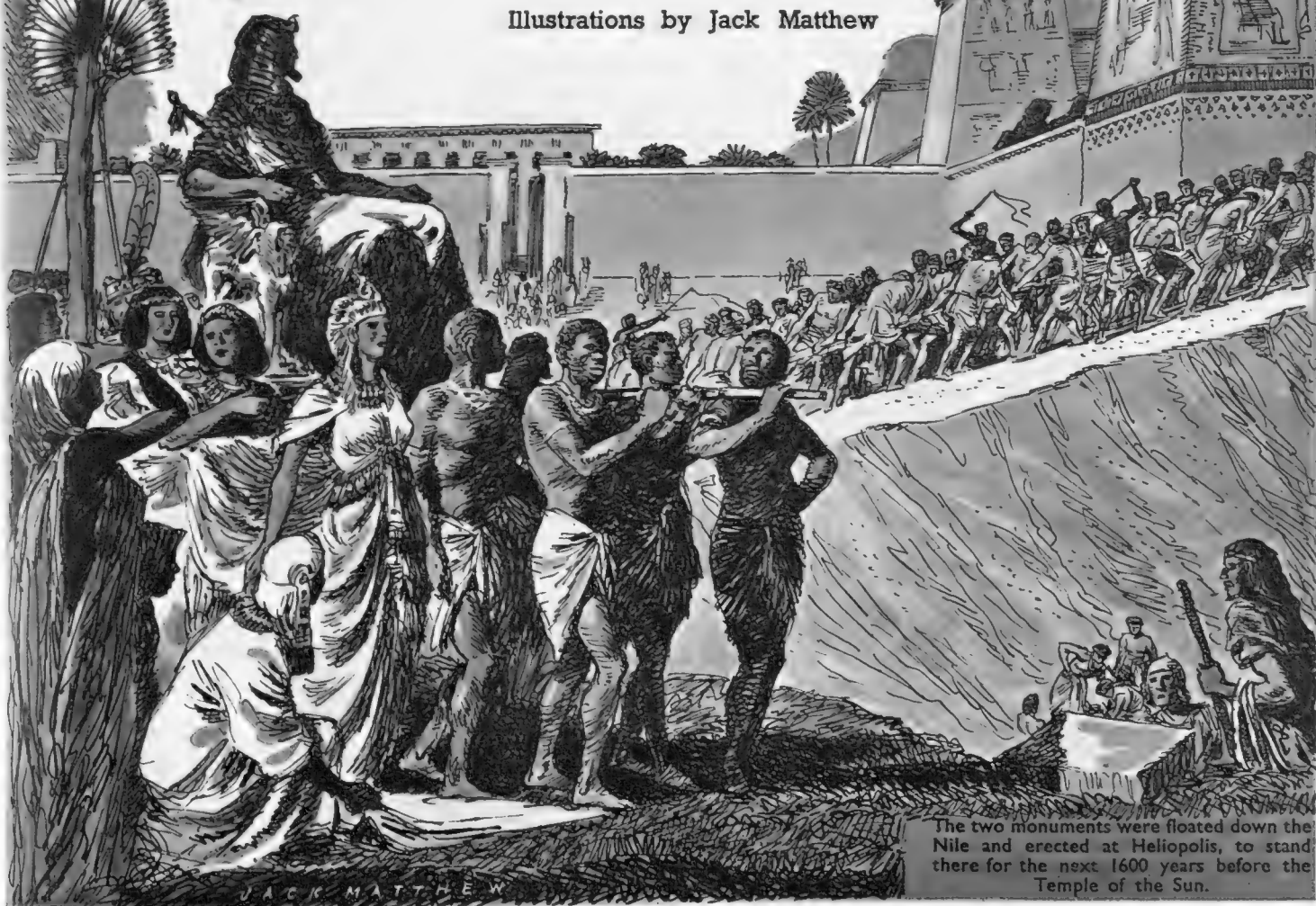
THE fearful explosion of a broadside from the guns of H.M.S. *Culloden* precisely at 11 o'clock on that grey morning of February 14, 1797, not only directed a grimly unwelcome Valentine in the general direction of the enemy, but helped pierce the gloom of what was to be an eventful era.

With Nelson as second-in-command, Admiral Sir John Jervis fired the first ear-splitting salvo which prevented the Grand Fleet of Spain joining the French at the Battle of St. Vincent. But then came an unforeseen threat: manned almost wholly by truculent seamen who had been herded unwillingly into service by press gangs—service in which conditions afloat were deplorable—the Navy erupted with two separate mutinies.

Then—a new ray of hope; ships from the Nore Command sailed out to join forces with Admiral Duncan, who was blockading the Dutch at Texel, and the mutineers were now so anxious to prove their loyalty that they made short work of the enemy as he emerged from harbour. At the subsequent Battle of Camperdown, the Dutch fleet was written off . . .

But Napoleon Bonaparte appeared on the scene, and war between Britain and France developed into a contest as between whale and elephant, for neither could get at the other; with no army worthy of mention, Britain had a powerful fleet; with no navy to speak of, France possessed a supremely powerful army. As direct attack was impossible, the Committee of Five who ruled France agreed on

Illustrations by Jack Matthew



The two monuments were floated down the Nile and erected at Heliopolis, to stand there for the next 1600 years before the Temple of the Sun.

Napoleon set out with his vast army from Toulon in the spring of 1798, evaded the British fleet under Nelson, and landed at Alexandria



a master-plan of conquest against Britain ; a plan based on Bonaparte's scheme to conquer the Turkish provinces of Egypt, and thus secure the halfway house to the riches of India. It would be superbly simple. It would also seal the doom of the British for ever.

And so he set out with his vast army from Toulon in the spring of 1798, evaded the British fleet under Nelson, and landed at Alexandria ; but while he was busy defeating the Egyptian army at the Battle of the Pyramids, Nelson came up and destroyed his fleet as it lay anchored in Aboukir Bay. Three years later, in 1801, Sir Ralph Abercrombie decisively whipped the French invader . . .

Battle-weary but victorious, Britain's soldiers and sailors surveyed the scene about them. They had won, and they wanted nothing more than a speedy return home. But they became disgruntled as the long days dragged by into

weeks, the weeks into months, and left them where they were ; idly, they walked the hot sands, kicking listlessly at this arid dust over which the battle had swayed. And then, in camp one night, huddled over their fires, talking as men will talk when fighting is ended, they said they would take back home some memento of war. To be sure, there were plenty to choose from . . . and their choice lay out there, under the drifted sand. It was a "lump o' stone." They had measured its bulk carefully, toe-to-heel, heel-to-toe, more than 68 ft. of it all told ; close at hand lay its counterpart . . . and the years of Time rolled back . . .

Back to 3000 years before, when these two prostrate giants were hewn from rose-coloured granite at the ancient quarries of Syene, at the extreme southern boundary of Old Egypt, when vicious whips had lashed savagely at the naked

backs of those unwilling quarrymen. Back to that memorable day when, rough-hewn, the two monuments were floated down the Nile and erected at Heliopolis, to stand there for the next 1600 years before the Temple of the Sun, where Moses was to receive his education. Back to those dreadful days when they had been silent witness as Abraham sought refuge in Egypt during the weary years of famine and pestilence in Canaan ; and the slavery and imprisonment of Joseph. Witness, too, in the later days of Joseph's prosperity, to his marriage with Asenath, daughter of Potiphar, who was a high priest of On, or Heliopolis, then a city of Goshen. Back to those epoch-making days when Joseph met Jacob . . . when the long history of troubled mankind was in process of writing.

These rose-coloured pillars had never been erected for Cleopatra ; they

The British troops wanted to take back home some memento of war, and their choice lay out there, under the drifted sand. It was a "lump o' stone"





A boat was lowered from the *Olga* and the second mate with five seamen set out to seek the parted tow. A huge sea roared down on them; they were overwhelmed, blotted out

A certain self-eminent City Father, in his robes of office, told an audience: "It is erected on this worthy spot. It once belonged to that famous Egyptian beauty . . ."

were removed at her orders shortly after the pre-Christian era, and were probably intended to form part of the main decoration for the entrance to her palace. In the eighth year of Augustus Cæsar they had been erected at Alexandria, seven years after the death of Cleopatra, twenty-three years before the birth of Christ. And now, laid bare by the boots of British fighting-men, their destiny was—London.

The idea seized their imagination, and the men opened a "Fund for Removal" of one, but not both, of the monuments; officially, the project met with no real approval. Carefully, they raised the great stone a little, bared its base, and there fixed a rough plate commemorating their victories afloat and ashore. But the scheme lost much of its attraction at last; the monument was left again to the hot, silent sands of the desert, and the project almost wholly forgotten by these men who never wished to see Egypt again . . .

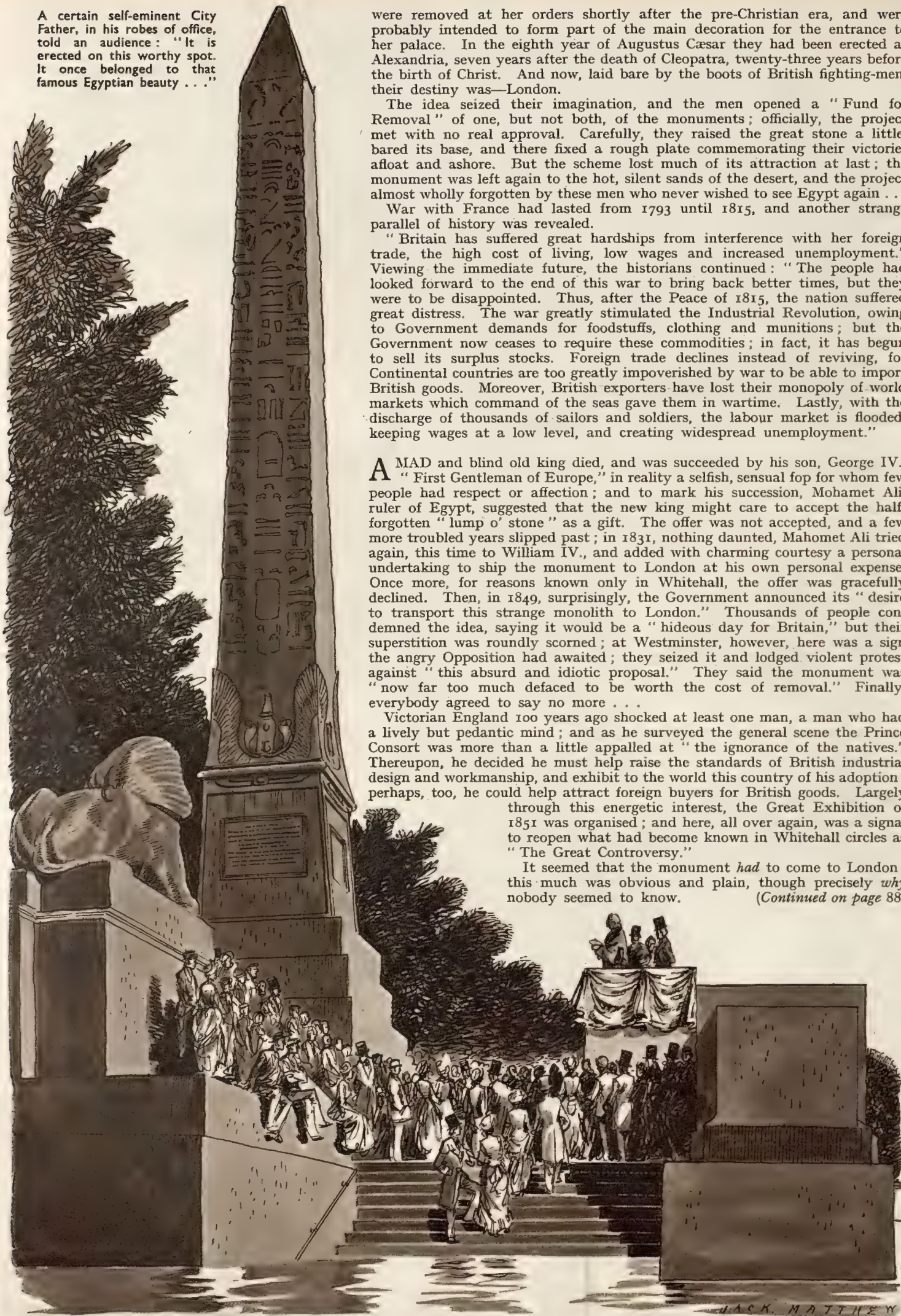
War with France had lasted from 1793 until 1815, and another strange parallel of history was revealed.

"Britain has suffered great hardships from interference with her foreign trade, the high cost of living, low wages and increased unemployment." Viewing the immediate future, the historians continued: "The people had looked forward to the end of this war to bring back better times, but they were to be disappointed. Thus, after the Peace of 1815, the nation suffered great distress. The war greatly stimulated the Industrial Revolution, owing to Government demands for foodstuffs, clothing and munitions; but the Government now ceases to require these commodities; in fact, it has begun to sell its surplus stocks. Foreign trade declines instead of reviving, for Continental countries are too greatly impoverished by war to be able to import British goods. Moreover, British exporters have lost their monopoly of world markets which command of the seas gave them in wartime. Lastly, with the discharge of thousands of sailors and soldiers, the labour market is flooded, keeping wages at a low level, and creating widespread unemployment."

A MAD and blind old king died, and was succeeded by his son, George IV., "First Gentleman of Europe," in reality a selfish, sensual fop for whom few people had respect or affection; and to mark his succession, Mohamet Ali, ruler of Egypt, suggested that the new king might care to accept the half-forgotten "lump o' stone" as a gift. The offer was not accepted, and a few more troubled years slipped past; in 1831, nothing daunted, Mahomet Ali tried again, this time to William IV., and added with charming courtesy a personal undertaking to ship the monument to London at his own personal expense. Once more, for reasons known only in Whitehall, the offer was gracefully declined. Then, in 1849, surprisingly, the Government announced its "desire to transport this strange monolith to London." Thousands of people condemned the idea, saying it would be a "hideous day for Britain," but their superstition was roundly scorned; at Westminster, however, here was a sign the angry Opposition had awaited; they seized it and lodged violent protest against "this absurd and idiotic proposal." They said the monument was "now far too much defaced to be worth the cost of removal." Finally, everybody agreed to say no more . . .

Victorian England 100 years ago shocked at least one man, a man who had a lively but pedantic mind; and as he surveyed the general scene the Prince Consort was more than a little appalled at "the ignorance of the natives." Thereupon, he decided he must help raise the standards of British industrial design and workmanship, and exhibit to the world this country of his adoption; perhaps, too, he could help attract foreign buyers for British goods. Largely through this energetic interest, the Great Exhibition of 1851 was organised; and here, all over again, was a signal to reopen what had become known in Whitehall circles as "The Great Controversy."

It seemed that the monument *had* to come to London; this much was obvious and plain, though precisely *why* nobody seemed to know. (Continued on page 88)





The Dalai Lama as a child.
He is now fifteen years old

Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, showing the Potala, the mysterious and holy shrine of the Dalai Lama

The Loneliest Boy In The World

THE word Tibet is creeping into the columns of your newspapers; already it is "tops" in many publications. So once again the focus is on this far away and so little known country.

The reason for the revival of interest in Tibet is the Communist menace. First you find India somewhat worried because the approach of Communism to Tibet means its coming up against the frontier of India for the first time; the Indo-Tibet frontier is a thousand miles long, mountainous but with many undefended passes.

Then comes over the cables a message from New York saying that a Communist broadcast from Peking has been picked up, claiming that "the twelve-year

claimant to the spiritual leadership of Tibet" has sent a message to the Communist Army Command in China begging it "to liberate Tibet, wipe out all traitorous elements and deliver the Tibetan people." The message concludes with a statement that all the Chinese Communist generals had promised "to satisfy the yearnings of the Tibetan people."

Two days later Hongkong, where the broadcast had also been picked up, joined in the chorus and added words to it. But it seems to me that all these messages are confusing; people ask: who is the Dalai Lama; is he the head of the Tibetan Government; who is the claimant and where is he?

The answers to those questions (*Continued on page 76*)

By Harry J. Greenwall



FOR a moment I thought he was actually not quite sane. "Do you really mean," I said at last, "that you own no property, copyrights, or liquid assets of any kind, and don't intend to earn any more?" He merely nodded

Something For Nothing

By Anthony Armstrong

DEAR Mr. Ponder, re Alec James Mitchell (fifty-one), author, here is an informal memorandum of my interview with him last Tuesday for your advance information. I am of course preparing an official report, but as that will be for the Treasury files it will neither be so concise nor so readily understandable.

The short point, as you are aware, is that up to a year or so ago Mr. Alec

Mitchell, a British but internationally famous author, was earning about five thousand pounds a year in this country alone, and at least ten thousand in America. Then he apparently—according to publishers and editors—ceased to write, somewhat incredibly returned a "Nil" income tax return, and disappeared from view, until recently traced to Melfont (Sussex) Institution, where he was living in poverty as an inmate.

The Treasury naturally viewed this state of affairs with concern, for from Mr. Mitchell's yearly earnings of £15,000 they had been benefiting to the extent of over £11,000 per annum in income tax and surtax, apart from the fact that some forty thousand badly-needed dollars were annually being made available to the country. All written communications being ignored I was deputed, at last week's conference, to pay the gentleman concerned a personal visit.

As a Treasury official I was naturally prepared to unearth some deep-laid scheme for tax-evasion, but in fact, Mr. Mitchell being of British extraction, the case presents no such normal features. It



is indeed both astounding and disturbing.

I began by remarking pleasantly that he seemed to have deserted his public, intimating that we were eagerly awaiting a further masterpiece from his gifted pen, and inquired whether he had anything on the stocks—a query which I have never yet known any author fail to answer at considerable length. To this, however, his brief and surprising comment was to the effect that he had given up writing for good, because he was tired of benefiting the community to such a disproportionate extent. In order to gain time to collect my thoughts, I queried the word “disproportionate.” He smilingly asked what other word I would use. By personal skill and consistent hard work, using no raw materials except paper and ink and no factory machinery

except his brain (depreciation in which was not allowed for, even though it was irreplaceable when worn out) he made a certain sum each year; out of which no less than seventy-five per cent was at once taken from him to provide a large number of other people with something for nothing.

I at once pointed out that it was only right that the better-off members of the community should help to support those who were worse off. To this he waved his hand round the little room in which we sat and said: “Speaking as one of the worse-offs I couldn’t agree more.”

I told him laughingly that living in an Institution for a year—no doubt to acquire local colour, as authors will—did not make him a “worse-off.” It had little

effect on the earning capacity of past work and might indeed enhance that of future work. He said: “I don’t seem to have made myself clear. I am not contemplating any future work. I propose now to get something for nothing, instead of giving a large amount for very little.”

I confess this reply took me aback. I found myself stammering slightly as I endeavoured to explain that he owed it to the nation to continue his high rate of earning. He merely retorted: “I admit the nation takes it, but I do not owe it. Do you know how much of every pound I make above fifteen thousand I am allowed to keep? Sixpence. For all my work, including dollar earnings, I get under four thousand a year. And to get five thousand, which I once thought a desirable goal, I must earn *over fifty-one thousand* in every year. Would you do it?” Before I could muster a reply to that awkward question, he resumed: “From now on I’m not going to be at the muddy end of the stick.”

I here sarcastically remarked—somewhat incautiously I fear—that existing royalties, possible film rights and so on in past work would interfere with his dream of poverty, to say nothing of such poor savings as he might have accumulated. I was completely staggered by his replying that he had always lived right up to his income and had nothing saved, that he had disposed

of his house and property to charity and had deeded all his English copyrights away. “So there can be—” he actually smiled “—no profits to me from, say, film rights sales, while as for the film companies concerned it will probably only mean that they make a smaller loss than usual.”

“But America—” I regret I again found myself stammering “—the dollars that Britain so sorely—”

“A mere drop beside the dollars that Britain has received as a free gift from the United States. In gratitude for which I have made the American Government a free gift of all (Continued on page 81)



Whitechapel High Street. A view that must have been familiar to Stalin when he stayed in London

Stalin Came To London

TO the humble Russian couple who looked after him in Stepney for those few weeks of May, 1907, young Mr. Ivanovitch was no doubt a very satisfactory lodger. He was quiet, he spoke their language and he was out most of the day at some conference. They may even have been sorry when he left. But this we can never tell, for the landlord and his wife are unidentified, forgotten, probably dead. However, the world knows quite a lot about Mr. Ivanovitch, though he is more familiar under another name. For the young man who rented the first-floor back in Jubilee Street, Stepney, forty-three years ago was Joseph Stalin.

Yes—Generalissimo Stalin, Father of All the Russias, pictured now as inseparable from the Kremlin, and least travel-minded of all the world's great men, did once come to London. Aged twenty-eight, slimmer than now but with the same characteristic moustache and bushy crop of hair, he was one of the 336 delegates (among whom were Lenin and Trotsky) to the congress of the Russian Social Democratic party which met at the Brotherhood Church in 1907 to discuss Russian revolutionary policies. Reporting later on the conference he wrote of its importance as a victory for Bolshevism (he was a Bolshevik himself) over the more reactionary Menshevik views and as a proletarian defeat of the intellectuals and "liberal spell-binders." But of London, of the people he met and the things he saw, he recorded, as far as is known, nothing.

It was natural enough that Stalin should have stayed in London's Russian quarter, but until a national daily recently made inquiries no one seems to have bothered to find out just where he lodged. Facts now unearthed point to the Stepney rooms of a Russian cobbler at 77 Jubilee Street. The street-corner house still stands, but population shifts fast in a big city and forty-three years is a long time, and only one Londoner has been found who recalls the young Mr. Ivanovitch from Russia. Points that stick in his mind—he was then a lad of thirteen—are the lodger's liking for a special kind of toffee, his careful daily shave in the cobbler's kitchen and his generous tipping.

So much for London's rather inadequate memory of Stalin. What, on the other hand, does Stalin remember of London? Did he see anything of the town beyond Jubilee Street and the Brotherhood Church? Was he too busy talking politics with his comrades, too much at sea in a strange capital, to visit the lights of the West End, the historic (Continued on page 78)

By Guy Livingston



The house in Stepney where Stalin lodged when he visited London in 1907

A Touch Of Glory

Ken Thought That His Face
Would Make His Fortune

By Richard Ullman



ALL three of them gazed at him in astonishment. "On the pictures?" his father echoed, surveying Ken over the top of his spectacles

KEN saw a white paper bag fall to the pavement, break, and then bright-coloured table-napkin rings roll in gay profusion among the feet of the Oxford Street crowd. The stout lady who had dropped the bag inadvertently kicked one of the rings on to the toecap of a young man walking in the opposite direction, who unconsciously returned it to her; she stopped, looked at her parcels, turned, looked at the pavement, the gutter, the wheels of an approaching bus, the broken bag, already trodden flat and dirty. Several people stopped and picked up rings; Ken watched them. "Ere you are, Ma," someone said, handing her three. The well-dressed young man who had played football with her was carrying a newspaper. "We can make a parcel with this," he said. They did so, and she managed to tuck it in her bag. She scattered her thanks and walked on, anxious to escape from the little crowd of Good Samaritans. Ken looked at a pale green ring, splashed with mud, which lay on the grating of a drain. All but one of the Good Samaritans had merged with the stream of pedestrians: the well-dressed young man who had given the

newspaper was gazing at Ken with a slight smile.

"Might I ask your name?" he asked.

"Mine? Ken Martin."

"And your job?"

Ken looked suspiciously at him.

"What's that to you?"

The young man smiled quite delightedly at him.

"Look here, I simply *must* have a word with you! Come into this doorway a minute. There, that's better. What's your job?"

"Packer for London United Plastics," Ken said rather sulkily. "Most of the packing's done by machine, see, but there is some things. . . . Look here, what—the hell is all this? Who are you anyway?"

"Pugh's the name." He deftly drew a small pigskin wallet from his pocket and from it extracted a visiting card which he handed to Ken: Erskine Pugh, Assistant Producer, Fairway Studios.

"Fairway Studios? That's a film place."

"It is," said Mr. Pugh. "No, keep the card. I'm the chap who casts the films for them—chooses people to act in them, you know."

"You are? But what's all this got to do with me? Why do you want to tell me this now?"

"Because if you care to come along to my office to-morrow morning at, say, eleven, I think I may be able to offer you a job on the screen. Small speaking part. It's your chance, Martin. Are you interested?"

"But—but I don't get you. Act? Me?" Ken gazed at Mr. Pugh in astonishment. "On the flicks?"

"Not act," Mr. Pugh said gently, "just be yourself, that's all. Just be yourself."

"But—but why *me*?"

"Because you happen to be just the chap I'm looking for. Eleven in the morning. You'll be there? Get a train from Baker Street station. . . ."

KEN walked down Oxford Street in a daze, lifted by the fall of a paper bag, a minute of conversation, on to an unknown and exquisite plane. Me? On the pictures? Well, blow me down! He got on to the wrong bus and was too dazed and absorbed in himself to get off it again until he had been carried to the bottom of Haymarket.

When he reached home that evening he was in a mood of almost uncontrollable elation. He went straight to his room and looked at himself in the tarnished mirror over the dressing-table. He smiled with very sweet triumph, straightened his tie, squared his shoulders, tugged at his shirt-cuffs, lit a cigarette. He went into the sitting-room crowded with old-fashioned furniture, the radio on the book-case, the china vases, his mother's needlework, his father's newspaper, his sister's library book and parcels; she had just come home.

"Hallo!" said Ken. "Got a bit o' news, folks!" He went over to the wireless and switched it off.

"Hi, I like your nerve! Suppose I was listening to that. . .?"

"I got something better than that for you to listen to." He paused dramatically, said: "I'm going on the pictures, I am."

All three of them gazed at him in astonishment.

"On the pictures?" his father echoed, surveying Ken over the top of his spectacles.

"Going to be a film-star, that's me. I been offered a job. Got to go up there to-morrow for an interview." He went to his mother and putting his hands on her shoulders, said eagerly: "It's a fact, Mum! What do you think of that? What do you think of that now?" He flung his arms round her and hugged her.

"Don't be rough, Ken, mind what you're doing!" They made him sit down and tell them the story. He showed them Mr. Pugh's card. They were interested, then impressed, then overawed. Supper was late. His sister wondered whether he could get her a job, and manicured her nails. His father wondered what the pay would be. His mother wondered whom she could tell.

"Aren't you going to tell Eileen?"

"Eileen? Too late to go round there to-night. I'll go and see her to-morrow after the interview."

"You'd better have a bath and go to bed early."

His mother pressed the trousers of his best suit, his father said: "Well, I never thought this would happen to one of us, I really didn't," his sister made up her face very carefully although she was not going out, and did her hair in an entirely new way. Ken looked out his shirt with a thin mauve stripe, and the tie Auntie Bessie had given him for Christmas. He was not asleep until after two o'clock.

NEXT morning he asked the manager of the packing department for a few hours off, as he had an interview at a film studio. The manager smiled cynically and referred in an undertone to Clark Gable, but he granted the request and at eleven o'clock Ken stood outside the gates of Fairway Studios. A uniformed messenger accompanied him down a private road, past huge buildings which looked like concrete hangars, to a large, modern block of offices. Ken followed his guide into a world of thick carpets, swing doors, corridors with panelled walls, an atmosphere of luxury and importance. The messenger tapped on a door, and then Ken found himself confronting Mr. Erskine Pugh who sat behind a vast mahogany desk in a large, light room.

"Halló, Martin! So you have come! I'm glad. Sit down."

Ken sat down in a deep leather armchair and listened to the beating of his heart.

"I'll give you the background," Mr. Pugh said, offering a gold cigarette case. "We're going to make a film called *Revengeful Lover* with Coralie Drake and John Strudwick. Humphrey le Mon will be directing it. Strong team. It's a good story with plenty of passion and murder and so forth. You'll like it. Now the part I have in mind for you is that of the hotel porter. You appear twice, and each time speak a few lines. You'd just have to be yourself, quite natural. Easy as winking. O.K.?"

"O.K.," Ken said hoarsely, having the odd feeling that his eyes were bulging.

"We'd want you up here for a week or two at—say—ten pounds a week?"

"What about my job?"

"Shall we say twenty pounds a week? Your job? Wouldn't they keep it open for you?"

Ken muttered unintelligibly through parched lips.

"Just a moment," said Mr. Pugh, and pressed a bell-push. A second later a fair, sad young man with long hair came in. "Desmond, this is Martin," Mr. Pugh delved among some papers on his desk, read from one: "'She hasn't been back, sir, since dinner time.' Say that, Martin."

"Say what?" said Ken.

"Quite naturally, in your normal voice, as if you were answering a question: 'She hasn't been back, sir, since dinner time.'"



"All right," said Ken. He cleared his throat. "She hasn't been back, sir, since dinner time."

"Perfect," said the young man with fair hair, "quite perfect." He went gracefully away.

"Very well," Mr. Pugh said to Ken. "I'll take your address and send you a little agreement for your signature. I'll let you know when we want you."

Ten minutes later Ken was walking through the gateway of the studios with an almost blank mind, and Mr. Pugh was saying to his friend Desmond: "Lucky find. Just came across him, standing gaping in Oxford Street." "Perfect," said Desmond. "Quite, quite delicious. The most stupid-looking fellow I've seen for years. . ."

FOR Ken, the next few weeks had a delectable quality. Every morning when he awoke, the wonderful thing that had happened to him crept softly into his brain and made the future sing sweet music to him. Fame, money, travel, girls . . . twenty pounds a week!

His family were still hushed with respect. He sometimes caught his mother or father looking at him with affection and wonder: who was this son they had brought, rather casually, into the drab world of a shabby London suburb?



"REMEMBER, Martin," said Mr. Le Mon, "you're supposed to be a bit of a fool. You know the mess you made of your examination in the Court scene? Well, look like a fool. That's all I want of you"

At work he was considered a miracle by some, a fraud by others, and a curiosity by all. At first his companions had quite openly disbelieved his story, but when he produced for their inspection a contract from the film company signed by someone whose signature no-one could read, jeers and sarcastic smiles gave place to chin rubbing, expressions of envy, and a little good-natured ribaldry.

Eileen had been Ken's girl-friend for a couple of years; she was not pretty but she had a nice expression and was good-natured. She was plump and had no talent for dress. Ken was fond of her; you knew where you were with Eileen, and that was somewhere pretty safe and comfortable.

She was immensely proud of his success. Her prestige rose to extravagant levels at the grocery establishment at which she worked. She gazed at Ken, quite hypnotized by his oafish, vacuous face.

"What's the matter, kid?"

"I was just thinking how wonderful it all is. . . ."

But after a time she began to notice that he was far more interested in his career than in her. He talked about nothing but the film studio and his (Continued on page 82)

The Wordsworth Centenary

Written and Illustrated

By Reece Winstone



(At top of page) Done Cottage, Grasmere, Westmorland. This was Wordsworth's home from 1802-1808. The cottage is preserved as it was in the days when the poet lived there and it still retains its flower-decked charm

(On right) A panorama of Derwentwater from Castle Head. Wordsworth's appreciation of this beauty spot is expressed in his *Guide To The Lakes*

(Below) Friar's Crag on the shore of Derwentwater. This is another beauty spot in the Lake District which Wordsworth loved





WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Born 1770, died 1850
Poet Laureate from 1843-1850

THE year 1950 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the death of William Wordsworth. Born at Cockermouth in Cumberland on April 7, 1770, the future Poet Laureate went up to Cambridge seventeen years later as an undergraduate at St. John's College.

Looking round the University city to-day we must imagine it a different place in some respects as it appeared to the youthful Wordsworth. The famous Bridge of Sighs, so named after the Venetian examples, connecting the buildings of St. John's across the river, was yet to be built in 1830. But the lovely old red brickwork, dated 1624, seen reflected in the Cam would, no doubt, have made its impression on the poetic mind, as also did the old three-arched bridge of 1696, a delightful composition on the Backs. The entrance gateway, re-coloured in the late 1930s, is another striking feature of St. John's. The shield of the foundress, Lady Margaret Tudor, Henry VIII's grandmother, has lions of England, lilies of France, supported by Beaufort antelopes.

In 1791 Wordsworth took his B.A. degree and left Cambridge for London, without, however, having

The Gate Tower, St. John's College, Cambridge. At the age of seventeen Wordsworth went to this college as an undergraduate and four years later took his B.A. degree

In 1797 Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy moved to Alfoxden, a large house in the Quantock Hills, Somerset, which they rented for the sum of £23 per annum



Tintern Abbey, founded by Walter de Clare in 1131, in the beautiful Valley of the Wye between Chepstow and Monmouth, inspired Wordsworth to write the well-known poem, "Lines Written Above Tintern Abbey," after he had paid a visit with his sister Dorothy to Chepstow and Tintern



any definite plans for the future. One of his best-known poems of this period is the "Sonnet on Westminster Bridge"—"Earth hath not anything to show more fair . . ."

A year followed in France, at the time of the Revolution; Paris, Orleans, Blois and back to Paris in 1792, returning to his native country just before the declaration of war in 1793. Much affected by these happenings, solace came in 1795 with the permanent companionship of his



sister Dorothy. The couple settled down together at Racedown, Dorset (near Crewkerne), the choice of locality apparently decided by the offer of a cottage cheaply. So Wordsworth's work developed, attracting the attention of Coleridge, who visited them in 1797.

In that year the brother and sister moved to Alfoxden, a large house in the Somerset Quantock Hills, which they rented at the reasonable figure of £23 per annum. William added to his slender income by taking as pupil a young boy, the hero of "Anecdote for Fathers." Samuel Taylor Coleridge soon became a close friend, his home being within a few miles distance at Nether Stowey. Now the property of the National Trust, it is open to all, a pretty creeper-covered house beside the main Bridgwater-Minehead road. Coleridge lived here for three years till 1800 and it was on the occasion of a visit to Lynton by the three friends in the autumn of 1797 that Coleridge wrote much of "The Ancient Mariner," Wordsworth helping and encouraging the composition.

An unusual grave in Conway churchyard, North Wales, which is immortalized by Wordsworth's poem "We Are Seven"

In 1798 Mr. (Continued on page 74)



Strange Rivers



RIVERS and streams are apt to be tantalizing mistresses in the limestone country of the north. They lure you along by tortuous banks clothed sparsely with herbage—and then, suddenly, the water disappears. Even the wagtails seem dismayed. Save for a few small pools, the river-bed may remain deserted for a mile or so, until—Nature having accomplished her age-old joke—the river returns from the depths and assumes (for a time!) a normal career.

What is the secret of this strange behaviour? Various erosive agencies work on the limestone, providing at length a number of fissures large enough to swallow the entire flow of water. Later, the underground stream, swollen by other subterranean waters, is forced to the surface again. There are few more entertaining pastimes in such valleys as Upper Wharfedale, Ribblesdale, and particularly the Greta Valley between Ingleton and Ribbleshead, than trying to follow such streams, whose direction beneath your feet is often only discoverable by placing an ear to the ground at successive intervals.

Malham, at the head of the Aire Valley, provides a classic performance of the kind. The overflow stream from Malham Tarn (1,229 feet above sea-level) forms a pool not far away, and thereafter is lost to sight for nearly two miles. The pool is called Water Sinks. Ages ago the stream flowed overground through a narrow ravine, finally plunging over the precipice of Malham Cove and forming a waterfall that must have been twice as high, though not so wide, as Niagara Falls. Because of the little affair at Water Sinks, the deserted ravine is now known as the Dry Valley; in bygone days local farmers would hide their cattle there from the Scottish raiders. Never once, it is said, was that hide-out discovered.

A new chapter in history may be written if and when the Ministry of Health's pre-war scheme of tapping these underground water-courses, and the vast reservoirs they undoubtedly feed far below the surface, is carried through as a means of supplementing England's normal water supplies.

A different kind of river trick occurs in the East Riding. The Derwent rises on Fylingdales Moor, seven miles from the coast in the neighbourhood of Scarborough. The hills around Broxa enable you to see, almost in one sweeping



Mighty flanking crags but no stream account for the name of this grand moorland sight at Malham, West Yorkshire. Into this "Dry Valley" bygone farmers drove their sheep for safety when Scottish raiders were abroad

(At top of page) Another view of Dry Valley on Malham Moor, down which an overflow stream from Malham Tarn once tossed its way

Of The North

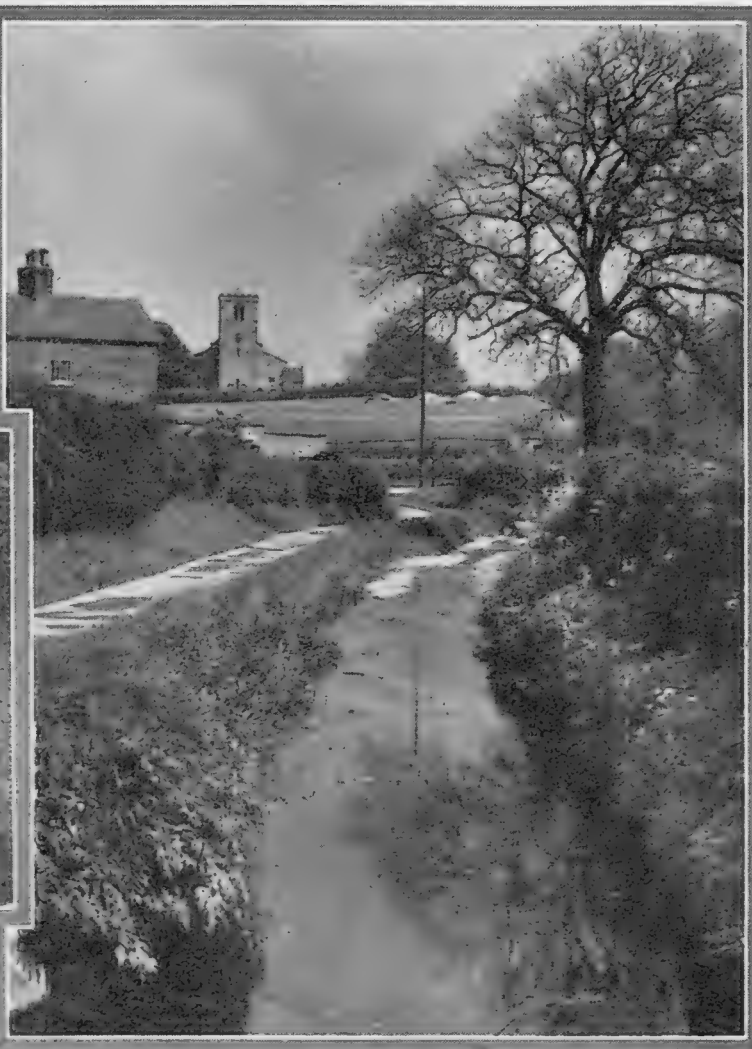
Written and Illustrated
By G. Bernard Wood

glance, the head-waters of the Derwent and, over to the east, one of the river's old outlets to the sea at Scalby. Another outlet was at Filey, a few miles to the south. To-day, however, the waters of the Derwent travel 150 miles, via the Ouse and the Humber, before reaching the sea!

Geologists tell us that a great ice-barrier blocked the Derwent's original exits, forcing the river inland. Man has not been slow to take advantage of this amazing



The prophetic stream of the Yorkshire Wolds. The "Gypsy Race" at Boynton, near Bridlington, and (on right) another view of the same stream at Rudston



performance; through the gorge formed near Malton by the reversed river, the York-Scarborough railway line now runs, and seven centuries earlier the Austin Canons built near the western end of the gorge one of England's most beautiful monasteries—Kirkham Abbey.

The Derwent's right-about turn took place before human history began, yet every year at spawning time—it is believed by local observers—salmon enter Filey Bay seeking that long-abandoned river-outlet!

Another river that has helped to shape history is the Lindis—so tiny that on some one-inch ordnance maps it is not even named. It has the odd experience of being submerged every high tide, yet it persists in carving for itself ever new channels across Holy Island sands. The island's original name, Lindisfarne, is derived from this river. Only last summer (1949) the men who transport visitors to the island in cars over the three-mile stretch of sand that separates it from the mainland at Beal, had to find a fresh route because the Lindis had shifted again. Tide and errant river have been the pilgrim's obstacles, there, for centuries. Little wonder that a monk's ghost haunts the sands, seeking guidance from any who will stay to hear his plea!



The River Trent near Gainsborough, where a tidal bore known as "The Aegre" is liable to occur in the spring

It is not surprising that the curious behaviour of some rivers has given rise to many a fantastic story. The Dee looks quite conventional at Chester, but at its source away back in the Merionethshire hills there is mystery. The river is formed by two natural fountains, or springs, named Dwy Fawr and Dwy Fach, and their respective waters are supposed to flow through Lake Bala without mixing, a circumstance for which there may be a scientific explanation. But consider how some ingenious romancer has linked this phenomenon with ancient

legend. Dwy Fawr and Dwy Fach are, it seems, the names of two persons who escaped the Deluge—a miracle forever symbolized for Welsh folk by the two streams passing through Lake Bala, which represents the flood-waters of the Deluge, without losing their separate identities.

The gypsy streams of the Yorkshire Wolds have from early times caused awe and consternation. Their flow is intermittent. A year may go by, two years, even six or seven, without anything more than surface drainage appearing in the stream courses. Suddenly, the waters will well up from huge underground reservoirs in the chalk, and rush down (Continued on page 72)

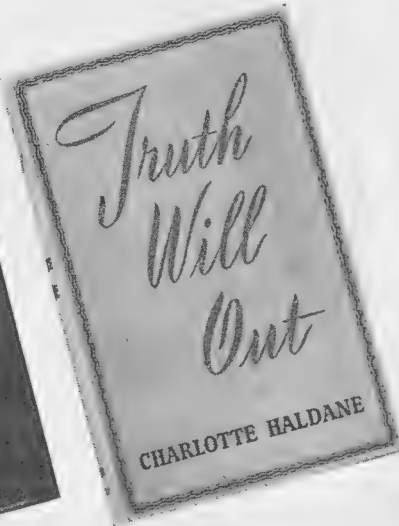
Books:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

EVIDENTLY it is fruitless, these days, to go to Corsica to write about bandits. Denis Clark did so, with wife and small daughter, after release from the R.A.F. He heard of only one who *might* still be lurking in the hills, but was told stories of the notorious Spada by one Dominique, who said it was all hokey—the report that he was caught in his parent's house near Coggia, surrendered rather than bring battle upon it, and was made to walk out naked in the snow. It was an English woman journalist who “at length persuaded him that if he gave himself up to the *gendarmes* they would grant him a pardon. So he did, and of course they tried him and cut off his head.” Presumably she just said “Press” and this wholesale killer who had taken to religion became as tame as a babe. Harpoon fishing and diving after the Merou or jewfish are among the more alluring pastimes in the well-illustrated “The Sea Kingdom of Corsica” (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), excellent because Mr. Clark went right off the usual tourist track.

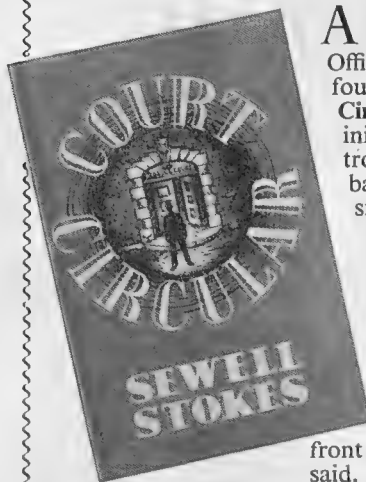
Lord Holden is also off the beaten track in “Purgatory



Revisited” (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.). He fell in with St. Philip Neri, that sixteenth-century wonder who could literally *smell* sin, who once said to a prospective penitent, “You stink of sin,” then left the confessional to be sick. “They thought they were so edifying, your snug Victorians, so superior in culture and virtue to their ignorant and licentious ancestors,” he fumed; “but their so-called enlightenment served as a cloak for their hypocrisy, their tolerance was the fruit of unbelief and they used their reason to justify licence and to belittle the works of God.” He thereupon took his lordship to see those eminent ones doing their stuff in Purgatory, and a wittily ironic time was had by all. I chuckled over this “Victorian parody,” especially after Lord Holden's reminder that Purgatory, after all, is only the ante-room to heaven!

CHARLOTTE HALDANE'S Purgatory was Communist Russia. She went there for the second time in 1941—burning with zeal for it and five months later came out, if not into heaven, at least into a somewhat saner, fairer world—minus her Party membership: For one thing, the scientist Vavilov, a friend of

People In Trouble



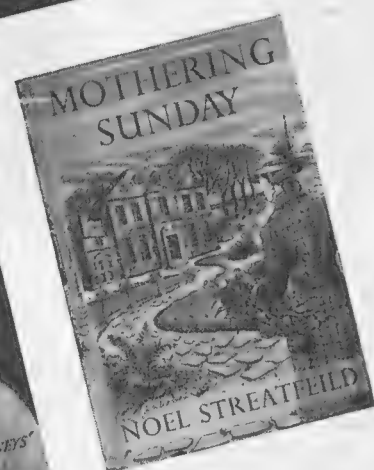
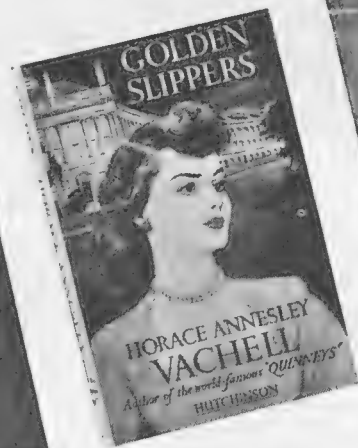
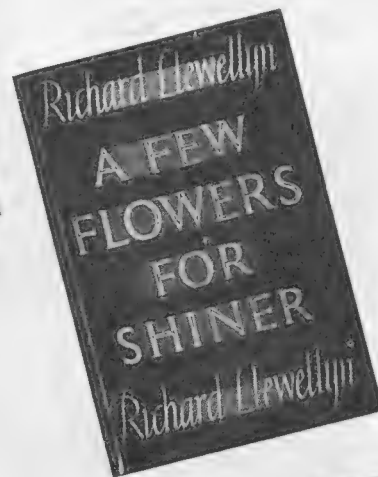
other thing I'd like to tell you: I was the station-sergeant.” Not for a long time have I struck a book so packed with life—and strife—in the raw, presented with such sympathy and humour.

A FRIENDSHIP with Metropolitan Magistrate J. A. R. Cairns years ago convinced me that Probation Officers could tell a great human story. Sewell Stokes, four years at Bow Street, has written it in “Court Circular” (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) which records inimitably the funny and tragic side of people in trouble. One exhibit was Albert, who had a mania for bashing bobbies. “Once the liquor's inside me, the sight of a helmet's enough. I don't seem able to keep my fists out of the — silly faces.” When Mr. Stokes tried to make the son's peace with his dad, the latter asked: “Are you aware that when he was brought into the charge-room by the four officers it had taken to arrest him, Albert broke away from them and attacked the station-sergeant? And do you know that when those officers had lifted Albert off the station-sergeant, the station-sergeant had both eyes closed up, his front teeth knocked in—and his nose broken?” Mr. Stokes said, no, he didn't. “I thought not. And there's just one

her former husband, Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, was unaccountably “missing.” So were others. So was the old crusading fervour. English “comrades” hinted that she was embittered because she hadn't found a willing lover there, or met Stalin who “rather than run Charlotte . . . would prefer running the Soviet Union.” “Truth Will Out” (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 12s. 6d.) is a frank, probing, emotional memoir which persuades one that she could find a lover anywhere in Russia if she wished, more easily than a political set-up to her acute liking.

THERE are many ways of writing theatrical history, from the anecdotal to the academic. Henry Gibbs says that his “Theatre Tapestry” (Jarrolds, 21s.), a panorama A.D. 1945–1950, is a “purely personal evaluation” aiming to establish the most significant feature or development of a particular age or phase. Theatre-lovers will find it a vivid, informative retrospect, with anecdote in its due place and abundant illustrations, which can be used for study or read with pleasure.

A BOOK for serious students of the principles of British Imperial Government is Jack Simmons' “From Empire to Commonwealth” (Odhams, 10s. 6d.), a selection of the original documents (Continued on page 81)





Seen In Passing

NEW labour-saving household appliances are increasing, both in number and inventiveness. Here is a selection from among the best of the recent models designed for non-mains, electric or gas-run houses. If you would like further details of any item, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

1. Central heating at a minimum cost is provided by this Aladdin portable oil radiator. Silent and odourless, it will provide nearly 60 hours of warmth to the gallon. Price £9 19s. 6d.

2. An inexpensive electric food-mixer that will do the tiring work of mixing and stirring. Besides the two "thick mix" heads illustrated, a drink-mixer and silver polisher attachment are also provided. Price £14 18s. 6d. complete. Meat-mincing and vegetable-slicing attachments are coming along in the near future.

3. For the one-room home, the latest refinement in combined gas-fire-cum-cooking stove. The miniature oven and separately-controlled boiling ring are concealed in the unobtrusive cabinet above the fire. Price £17 12s. 7d.

4. A useful non-mains minute-timer for the precision cook. Set the switch to time the cooking of anything from eggs to fruit cake, and the alarm will ring when the food is ready. Price 19s. 6d.

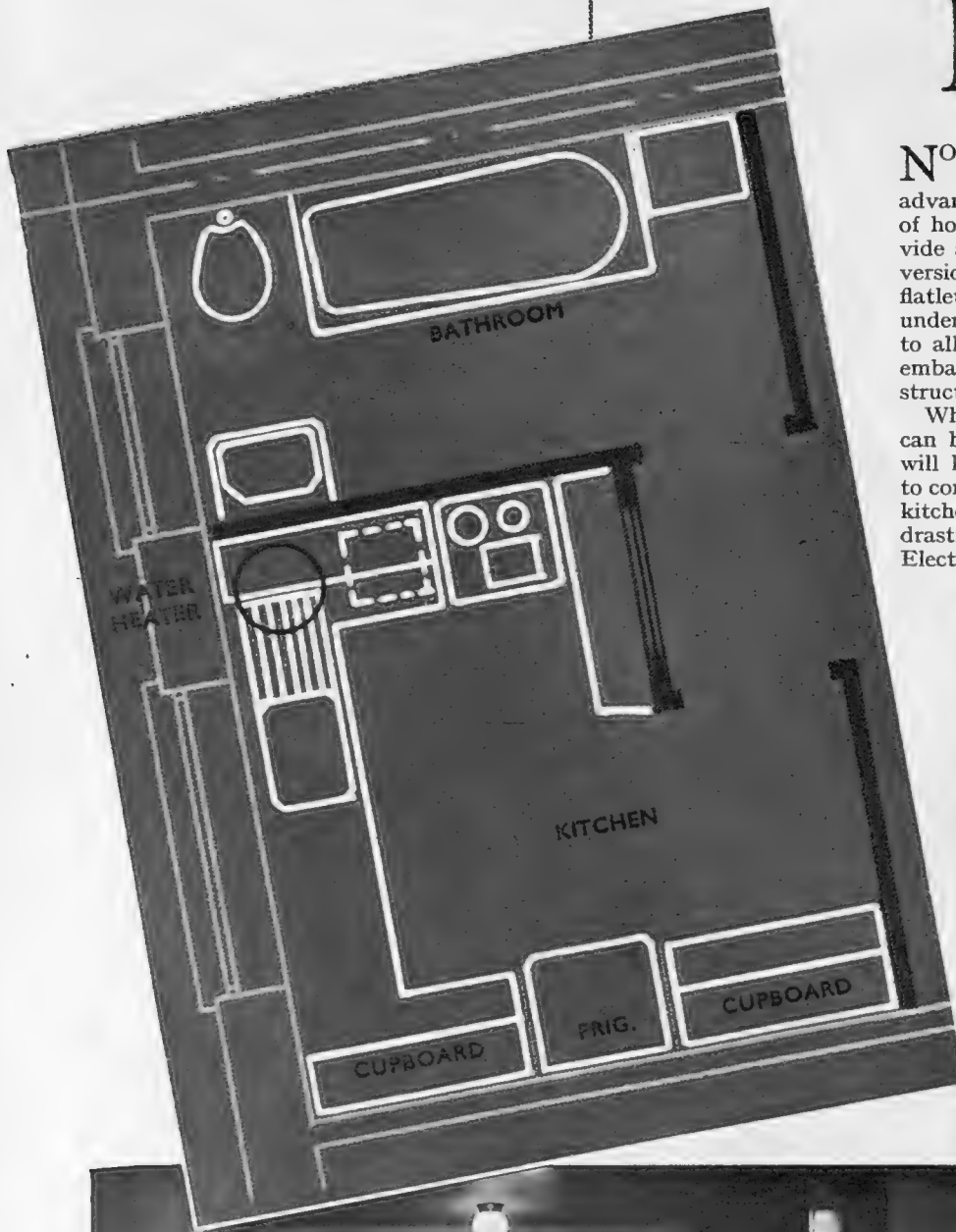
5. A time-setting electric clock, which has other valuable qualities besides good timekeeping. It can be set to pre-select and switch on the radio for a special programme—or as an early-morning alarm—and switch off again at the end. As an extension of the same principle, the clock can switch on a fire before your arrival home or turn on the hall light in your absence, to scare away burglars. Price £5 os. 8d. The miniature radio-set is one from the range of models available on weekly hire. New facility offered by this rental system is an option to buy for a nominal sum at the end of three years' hire.



Modern

NOT every householder knows that under the Housing Act of 1949, local authorities are empowered to advance money to property owners for the conversion of houses into flats. As the aim of the Act is to provide an increase in housing accommodation, most conversion schemes which will provide either one-roomed flatlets or self-contained flats qualify for assistance under the Act. This should be of particular interest to all house-owners who up till now have hesitated to embark upon what might prove to involve costly structural alterations.

Whereas few people will have a complete house that can be converted into self-contained flats, many more will have an odd room or two that would lend itself to conversion if some plan could be devised for providing kitchen or bathroom facilities without encroaching too drastically upon the available floor-space. The British Electrical Development Association have recently



Above : Storage cupboards frame a recess and provide dining accommodation in a small kitchen. Left : Individual units scientifically assembled to conserve space and movement make this Ezee kitchen. Counter tops cover several units ; food storage and a preparation centre are provided for in a streamlined lay-out which can be modified according to space. Right : A simple but comfortable treatment for a dining-recess has a padded seat and a backrest.



Translations

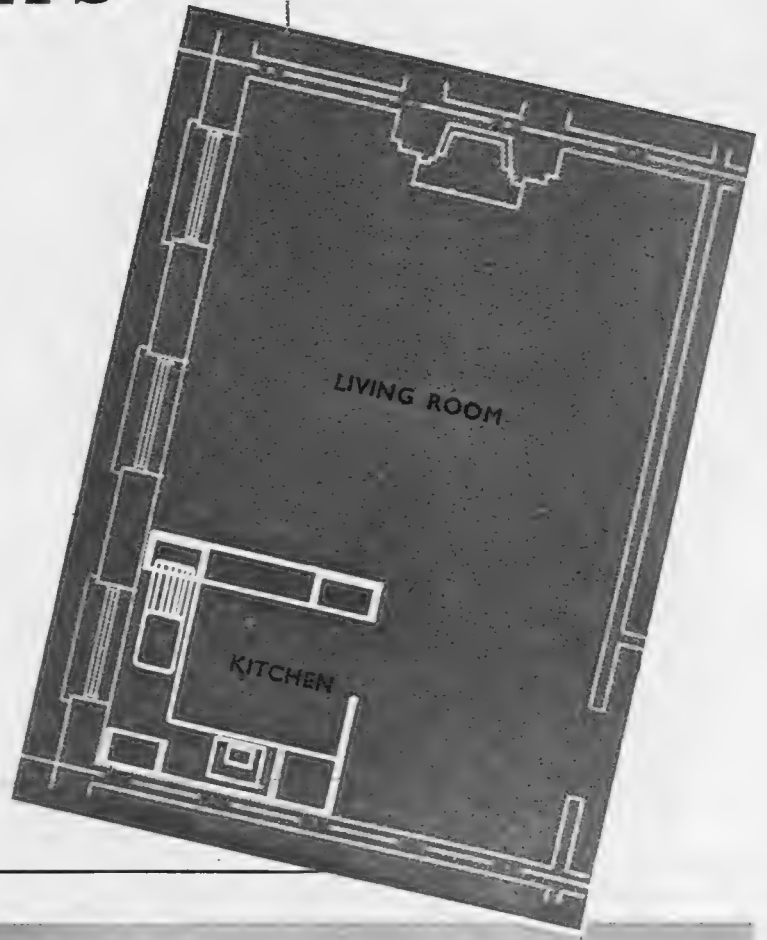
produced a practical and helpful book on this subject from which the two plans on this page have been taken.

Restricted space proves the greatest problem in this type of conversion. The plan on the left shows how one room can be converted into an adequate, even luxurious kitchen and bathroom, which, with one or two other rooms, would provide a completely self-sufficient establishment. Built-in kitchen furniture plays an important part in equipping a small kitchen, but fortunately, good unit construction fittings such as the Ezee Kitchen illustrated below are in present supply.

The plan on the right provides for a kitchen unit within the living-room without destroying the original proportions of the room. The cupboards, planned to stand no higher than door-height, have more the appearance of a screen than a wall, with the added advantage that light can enter the room over the top. The alcove, fitted as a dining recess, would leave the rest of the room free to be furnished as a sitting-room or a divan room as circumstances permitted.

BATHROOM accommodation often presents problems with one-room conversion schemes. A newly-invented shower cabinet, however, will in many cases provide the solution. This cabinet is no more than 3 ft. 7 ins. wide and 2 ft. 3 ins. deep and, finished in cream enamel, it looks more like a wardrobe than a shower-bath. It could be fitted into a bedroom, for instance, instead of the more usual hand-basin, and will provide much more luxurious facilities for the same installation costs.

THESE two plans, of course, do not attempt to solve the problems of every conversion plan. They do, however, demonstrate that with good planning and modern equipment, luxury facilities can be provided within limited accommodation.



"... on the 14th. at St. Mark's."



"... next weekend at our cottage"

Accepted with Pleasure

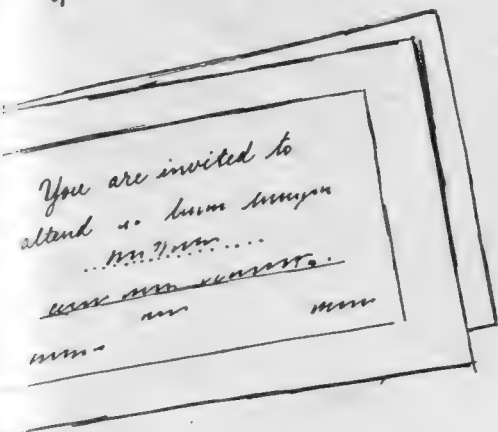


"... to an informal reception after the wedding"

"... to meet His Worship"



"... a few friends to lunch"



"... join our party for the Races"

SO much of the pleasure of an invitation outside the general routine of one's social existence depends upon the knowledge that one is correctly dressed for the occasion. Few wardrobes to-day are comprehensive enough to meet every engagement with composure, but limited wardrobes can take comfort from the fact that good simple clothes are always right—smartest in fact—no matter what the occasion. A simply styled basic wardrobe is amazingly versatile. With clever interchanges of accessories it will go to all functions with confidence, saving the need for spending-sprees on clothes for which there is little regular use.

On the right we have sketched an imaginary wardrobe. On the left we have posed several invitations which it might well be called upon to serve. We hope to prove that it meets all occasions with ease and elegance.

"... next week-end at our cottage." For a week-end in the country, the choice should be your tweed suit worn with sweater and brogues, leather gloves and a scarf. Take your afternoon dress to change into for the evening.

"... on the 14th at St. Mark's." A fashionable wedding need not send you into a fever of buying. Wear your coat of the season with a very gay hat and particularly nice shoes, handbag and gloves. You won't have to take off your coat, so the dress is not important so long as it tones or matches well with the coat. Here is an occasion which proves how important it is to match up every item of a limited wardrobe.

"... a few friends to lunch." For an informal, though important luncheon party, select your smartest dress, Court shoes and a pretty hat which you will wear throughout lunch. If the party is held at a restaurant, the same applies, except, of course, you will keep on your coat.

"... to an informal reception after the wedding." A good black suit is the right choice for a quiet wedding. If you have a fur tie, so much the better. The hat should be less exotic than that worn at the fashionable wedding. If, however, you haven't a black suit, the coat of the season will do equally well.

"... to meet His Worship." This is a full-dress affair, so wear your very best décolleté evening dress, elbow-length gloves and some grand jewellery, if you possess it. If yours is of the imitation variety, rely on flowers.

"... join our party for the Races." An invitation which implies tweeds unless the occasion is Ascot. Wear a sweater if you need the warmth and a comfortable hat that will remain faithful for a prolonged session. Shoes, too, should be easy, short of brogues.



By
Margaret Stevenson

42

Bernard Powell

Having "Painters in the House" is apt to be a period of affliction, but planning ahead of the event makes for

Decorating Without Tears

FIRST of all, get estimates from at least two decorators. If you can get a personal recommendation about their work, so much the better, for the cheapest is not always the best value for money. Make sure that the estimate covers two coats of paint, items such as bookshelves and built-in furniture and rust-proof paint for windows, if yours require it.

Next, decide the colour schemes for various rooms and the type of paint best suited for the job. Remember that if the house or flat is small, an all-over colour scheme, though unadventurous, will make it seem more spacious and may therefore be the best choice.

Choose colours in the light under which they will most often be seen. Some colours look very different by daylight and by artificial light; if you have a room more often used in evening or which is naturally dark, you may be disappointed in paint and paper chosen by daylight. You will probably have to live with your choice for several years, so take time and care over your final decisions.

Interior decorators usually model or sketch a room to be decorated. If you are trying a new or delicate combination of colours, you may find it a practical idea to sketch out your room first, too.

Decide the sequence in which you want your rooms tackled. The average family find it best to start with the bedrooms and leave the kitchen until last. It is usually reckoned, unless your man advises you otherwise, that it takes two men two days to paint and paper one room, so plan your schedule accordingly.

Everything must be removed from each room as the decorators are ready to go into it. One room should be waiting for them when they arrive.

Many decorators don't remove plates around light switches, door-plates, and so on, but paint round them. A wise precaution is to remove fittings yourself, including handles on bathroom fittings and built-in kitchen cabinets. They can be cleaned and polished

A nightmare impression of what should never have happened. The ill-timed arrival of the sweep is creating havoc in the newly-decorated sitting-room, while preparations for an unheralded dinner-party are causing nervous strain in the kitchen. The contretemps in the bedroom could only have been avoided by temporary removal to the spare room. Moving the furniture around may be a laudable practice, but migratory instincts should be curbed until the painters are well out of the way. As for bathrooms, they are usually the smallest rooms in the house and not always the best place for experiments in daring decor. Black walls and flying fish may be all right for some, but did they quite come off at The Rest? Ousted from her rightful possession, the disconsolate housewife takes up her position in the comparative peace of the door-step.

and put back looking like new, in tune with the fresh paint and paper.

Give foolproof instructions about what you want done in each room as the painters go into it—and then let them get on with the job. If you alter your mind halfway and wish to make changes, you must be prepared for the original estimate to be revised accordingly.

WHERE there are deep cupboards, or built-in wardrobes, have them lined with the wall-paper used for the room. The effect will be a pleasing one.

Don't make the mistake of trying to hurry the back-to-normal appearance of the house by putting things on shelves or closing doors tightly until paint is *really* dry. Even so-called "fast-drying" paint takes some time to set, and the ordinary paint takes two to four days. After a week or so, all paintwork throughout the house should be treated with a good furniture cream or wax polish; this will not only preserve its life, it will also improve the gloss.

POSTSCRIPT: Invest in a bottle of turpentine and get one or two clean rags ready, before work begins, so that if you brush against a wet door or wall, the paint can be removed at once.

If paint or whitewash has been splashed on to floorboards a razor-blade is as good as anything for removing it easily. Alternatively, a piece of steel wool will do the job well if the paint has not been allowed to harden. A razor-blade will lift paint-marks from the glass around freshly-painted window-frames and from door-plates if you have omitted to remove them.

Waiting for paint to dry if the weather happens to be damp when the operations are afoot is a maddening business, but

a fire lit in the room, even if it is temporarily unoccupied, or an oil heater left overnight will hasten the drying by hours.

BRUSHWORK

If you are considering tackling the house redecoration yourself this year, you will be interested to hear of a paint specially blended for amateurs. Many inexperienced painters find ordinary brands of paint hard to work and have difficulty in producing a surface smooth and free from brush-marks. This paint spreads particularly smoothly, and when dry leaves a high-gloss finish of professional standards.

There is also the added advantage that when freshly applied the paint is faintly perfumed. This serves to banish the unpleasant odour of fresh paint in the house and gradually fades as the paint dries.

Its hard-gloss finish proves suitable for furniture as well as for structural woodwork. It is particularly useful for painting kitchen or nursery chairs and tables, for instance, which have to stand more than usually hard wear, for dirty finger-marks can be wiped off with a damp cloth, leaving the paint as fresh as new.

CARDIGANS IN TWO SIZES

A Jumper Cardigan For The Medium Figure



MATERIALS : 6 ozs. Sirdar "Majestic" 3-ply in light ; 4 ozs. in dark ; knitting pins Nos. 8, 9 and 12 ; 12 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : Length from shoulder, 23½ ins ; width all round at underarm, 35 ins ; sleeve seam, 6 ins.

TENSION : 7 sts. to the in. over st.-st. worked with No. 9 pins.

THE BACK

Using No. 8 pins and l., cast on 134 sts.

1st row (right side of work)—K. (d. 2, l. 4) 11 times, d. 2 (l. 4, d. 2), 11 times.

2nd row.—P. d. 1 (l. 4, d. 2) 10 times, l. 4, d. 4 (l. 4, d. 2) 10 times, l. 4, d. 1.

3rd row.—K. (l. 4, d. 2) 11 times, l. 2 (d. 2, l. 4) 11 times.

4th row.—P. l. 3 (d. 2, l. 4) to last 5, d. 2, l. 3.

5th row.—K. l. 2 (d. 2, l. 4) 10 times, d. 2, l. 6, d. 2

(l. 4, d. 2) 10 times, l. 2.

6th row.—P. l. 1 (d. 2, l. 4) 10 times, d. 2, l. 8, d. 2 (l. 4, d. 2) 10 times, l. 1. Continue in pat. as on the

last 6 rows, dec. at each end of every 3rd row until sts. are reduced to 110, keeping carefully to continuity of pat. Continue straight until work measures

6½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then change to No. 12 pins and continue in pat. for a further 2 ins.

Change back to No. 8 pins and continue in pat., inc. at each end of every 3rd row 8 times (126 sts.).

Continue straight to the end of a pat. then commence working in all l. yoke, thus : Note :

Use an extra ball of d., so that it will not be necessary to carry the (Continued on page 84)

ABBREVIATIONS : K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; st.-st. = stocking stitch ; pat. = pattern ; dec. = decrease by taking two stitches together ; inc. = increase by knitting or purling twice into same stitch ; beg. = beginning ; rep. = repeat ; l. = light ; d = dark ; tog. = together.

A Shaped Jacket For The Petite

MATERIALS : 9 ozs. Carter and Parker's 3-ply "Wendy" in light ; 1 oz. do. in dark ; knitting pins Nos. 8, 10 and 12 ; 5 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : Length from shoulder 23½ ins. ; width round at underarm, 32 ins ; sleeve seam, 19 ins.

TENSION : 7½ sts. to the inch measured over st.-st. worked with No. 10 pins.

THE BACK

Using No. 10 pins and l. cast on 132 sts. Work in st.-st. for 12 rows. Make a hem by turning up the cast-on edge with wrong sides facing and knitting 1 st. from the cast-on edge and 1 st. from pin tog. all along the next row. Continue in st.-st., dec. at each end of every 4th row until there are 102 sts. on pin. Continue straight until work measures 7 ins. from the bottom of hem. Change to No. 12 pins, and continue in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change back to No. 10 pins and continue in st.-st., inc. at each end of every 4th row until there are 132 sts. on pin. Continue straight until work measures 16 ins. from bottom of hem. Shape armholes by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 6 rows (106 sts.). Change to No. 8 pins and Fair Isle pat., thus :

1st row.—K. * l. 7, d. 1, l. 6, rep. from * to last 8 sts. l. 7, d. 1.

**2nd row.—P. l. 1, d. 1, l. 6, * l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 6, rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—K. * l. 5 (d. 1, l. 1) twice, d. 1, l. 4, rep. from * to last 8 sts., l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1.

4th row.—P. (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 4, * l. 3 (d. 1, l. 1) 3 times, d. 1, l. 4, rep. from * to end.

5th row.—K. * (l. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1) (Continued on page 84)



Loose And Belted, Long And Short



SPRING coats are versatile and there are styles for every figure. If you are tall enough to carry the full-sleeved, full swinging outline, Dereta's lightweight boxcloth is made in several gay Spring colours. Price £17 17s. 0d. Short jackets to wear over suits are light and cosy. Alexon make the two shown, a boxy double-breasted style, above, in emerald and other colours and a full-backed tweed with a pink ground overchecked with green and nigger brown. The prices are £4 1s. 10d. and £5 5s. 4d. respectively.

Hershelles showerproof Tricotine, right, is a luxurious all-purpose buy. Enormous fulness gathers into a stiff buckled belt and a deep front wrap-over has slanted hip pockets. Price 23½ guineas approximately.

Send a stamped envelope to the Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.1, if you wish to know where the coats can be bought.

Dogs Have



1665



1775



1907



WHEN I was a small and curious boy, fashions seemed to change more often and in a very much more revolutionary manner than they do to-day. I was periodically baffled by the strange new contorted shapes which, seemingly overnight, my feminine world of mother and sisters assumed. I would be quite settled in my mind on the normal contours only to find that the next day they had undergone some inexplicable metamorphosis and bloomed out or dwindled in entirely new regions, defying all the rules of physiology. T. S. Eliot and Aldous Huxley, no doubt then lads like myself, had not yet applied the operative word "pneumatic" to this phenomenon.

For a while I held the theory that, unlike the dull, predictable male, women

consisted of innumerable spare parts which were interchangeable at will. This also conditioned me, later, to accept the Oscar Wilde paradox that nature copied art. Still later, if not wiser at least more realistic, I moved to the dictum that Art is Selection, or, as I would prefer it, Art is Emphasis. Nature is very accommodating in this respect; it allows one to accentuate the positive and virtually to ignore the negative . . . and, moreover, it explains the fashion in dogs.

Long before he saw them, Paul Nash landscapes existed, and long before I saw them so did women's legs—and poodles. But in my schooldays legs and poodles had a vulgar connotation. They were "French," and therefore sturdy Britain denied their existence. And a British ban is exorcism.

The dog enters the fashion cycle in every Leicester Cotton gives a man's impression of

Their Day

It is also illuminating to note how closely the changing vogue in dogs has paralleled the "feel" of the periods. Examine the old pictures in the galleries which include dogs in their composition. Almost without exception those beasts were uncouth, short-snouted and thick-jowled animals with feline mien that would look ill-at-ease in a Ruislip sitting-room to-day. Even Gainsborough's spaniel of doubtful breeding, chosen as he undoubtedly was to match Mrs. Lowndes-Stone's elegant clothes, is more at home in the landscape than in her boudoir.

It is true that here and there we have glimpses of smaller breeds—house dogs, but they were mostly uncouth mongrels until the Charleses virtually created the spaniel by acknowledging its existence. Later, in the heyday of the eighteenth century, the Papillon shared honours with ostrich feathers and diminutive black pages for first place in my lady's regard, and none was dispensable in most fashionable circles.

DOGS frisked through the pages of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English history, from Rowlandson's dubious curs to Elizabeth Browning's Flush, but I think it was not until well into Victoria's settled span that they began to shape themselves—and, of course, to be shaped—to the vogue.

It was then we moved to the glutinous confections of a school, now, no doubt, happily forgotten, except by those of long memories and resentment such as myself. These studies in pink, blue and treacle were meretricious in the extreme. If you were too young to have lived with them, you must somewhere have seen those oleographs of Family Frolics, in which romped much-too-good little girls in wide muslin skirts, odiously clean little boys in sailor suits. The focus was invariably on a collie—that cheerful, *en famille*, early Edwardian with his air of delighted patronage, his fine intelligent eye and his sumptuous prosperity. How well he fitted the leisurely atmosphere of the period!

THE collie, the St. Bernard and the long-haired greyhound were the complement of the reigning fashion, a mirror in dog-form of the cascading contours of the smiling lady of the house with her graciousness, her picture hats and her fluffy parasols. Basically, however, the collie was a sheepdog, and he did not last very long on his cosy domestic pedestal. His fall from grace may have been due to the natural transition from one vogue to another, but it was probably hastened by a few sly nips in the region

of the society matron's bustle. Can one blame him for the temporary aberration of mistaking it for the west façade of a sheep? Something more manageable was required for the Gaiety girl, so the Pomeranian, groomed to a faint semblance of the current feminine contour, slipped into fashion under Edwardian patronage.

DURING the First World War, a tatterdemalion legion of breeds held the stage for brief periods—fox terriers, Airedales, almost everything except St. Bernards and dachshunds.

"Came the dawn" of silent film epics in which Louise Glaum, Olga Petrova and later Gloria Swanson slid serpent-like across the screen. The kennels were hard-pressed to provide a herd sufficiently appropriate, and nobody ordered wolves. At second best, Pekinese dogs and Anna May Wong eyebrows, recalled the fatal allure of the East.

The streamlined thirties are perhaps best represented by the wire-haired terrier, who has suffered as much at the hands of humans as he has been fussed over. While he lasted—and he is still in our midst, his lustre somewhat dimmed—the wire-hair had a definite affinity with our tweedy, advanced-thought and hopeful 'thirties.

BUT in those years, and as the lights flickered and went out in the chancelleries and in the salons of the Place Vendôme and Bond Street, there was a diversity in attitude of mind as there was in fashion—and in dogs. The tentative pacifist, the Bedlington, had already made his presence felt, but he never became really popular. A very individual and sensitive chap. I remember a party in Harley Street in 1939 when, after staring at the hostess's pearl-grey pet for a long while, a famous psycho-analyst said to me: "I'd like to have that Bedlington on my couch for an hour with the lights lowered. Pity he can't talk."

A mentally sturdier version has taken his place—the poodle. "Frenchness" is forgotten; his progenitors are no longer connected with Louis XVI or Rockingham porcelain, although his coat is still clipped in varying forms of animated topiary.

The poodle, black or white, standard or miniature, is in many ways a utilitarian postwar symbol. He's amenable to the hurly-burly of street life and queueing, he's gay and thoughtful by turns. And he goes well with his mistress whether she's in formal clothes or slacks and jumper.

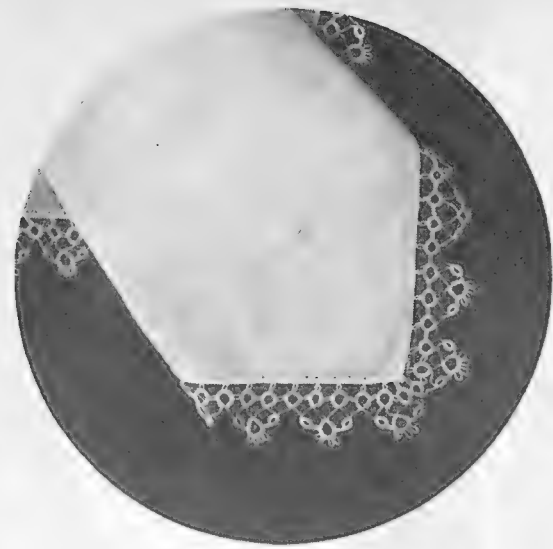
I, for one, am not keen on a return to the mastiff.



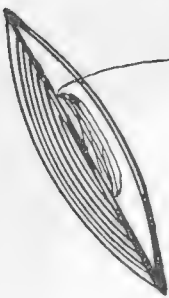
decade from 1655 to 1950.
the dog as a dress accessory

Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Lowndes-Stone, reproduced by permission of the National Gallery

(Left) A dainty edging for handkerchiefs or lingerie simple enough for the novice.
(Below) A more advanced design suitable for luncheon sets or tray cloth



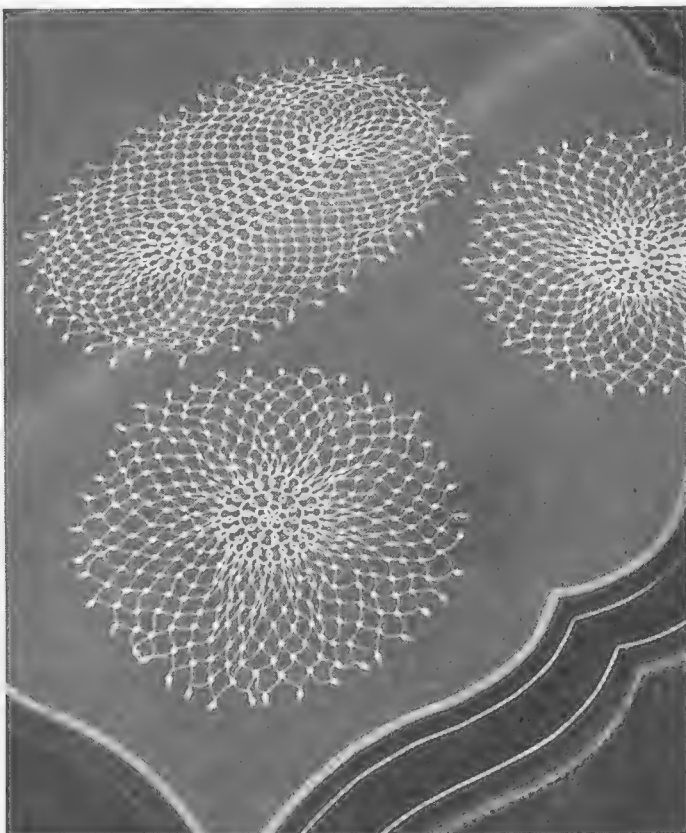
Tatting is Back



FRIVOLITÉ is the charming name that the French, with their nice sense of the apposite, have given to the lace our decorous grandmamas called tatting. Tatting seems to have originated on the Continent where an early form was very popular in the elegant second half of the eighteenth century, but it was not until the last century that the vogue reached its zenith. Demure Victorian ladies, all over the country, engaged in this most genteel of all pastimes, brought the art to its final perfection.

Under its French name, frivolité is now having its third and well deserved comeback since, two years ago, French fashion designers recognized its exciting possibilities for New Look glamour. With tatting once again on the way to becoming a modish pastime, household linen, as well as feminine apparel, is all the more dainty for it.

NO one is pretending that tatting is kindergarten work, but the intricacies of the tatting shuttle are not beyond the powers of an average needlewoman. A well written little book called "Learn To Tat" just produced by J. & P. Coats, takes the uninitiated throughout the whole process, in clear stage-by-stage diagrams, and ends up with patterns to make the lacy edgings and mats illustrated on this page. Materials present no special problem, for tatting shuttles and Mercer crochet cotton in which these examples were worked, can all be obtained from good needlework shops.



These mats, above, look more complicated than they really are and show just how delicate and frothy tatting can be. The sturdier design, right, has endless possibilities. Here is a luncheon set, but the square motif can be easily adapted for many other purposes

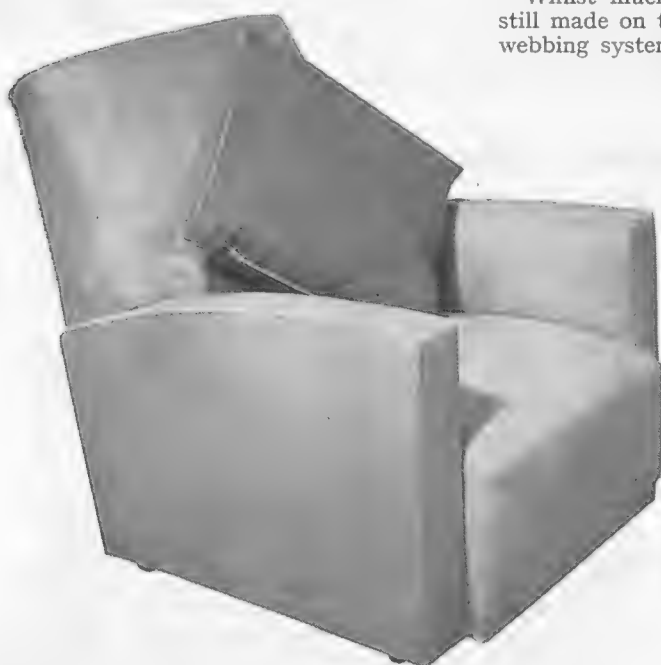


Light in construction this Morris chair provides luxurious comfort with latex cushioning



YOU can tell on sight whether you like the general lines and style of a particular chair, the colour, texture and pattern of its covering. About its internal structure and performance your eye can tell you nothing, nor can you lift a bonnet and peer into the works. The more you know about these invisible works, however, the better equipped you are to ask the salesman intelligent questions and the more likely you are to make a wise choice. This is equally true whether your purchase is a chair, a settee, or a mattress.

The traditional method of soft seat construction is based on the use of large wire spiral springs. The springs are anchored to webbing which is anchored in turn to the stout wooden framework of the chair or settee. Hessian is stretched over the top of the springs to form a level, resilient platform which is then covered with successive layers of hair, hessian, wadding and finally with furnishing fabric. In addition some chairs carry loose fitted cushions filled with (in order of comfort)



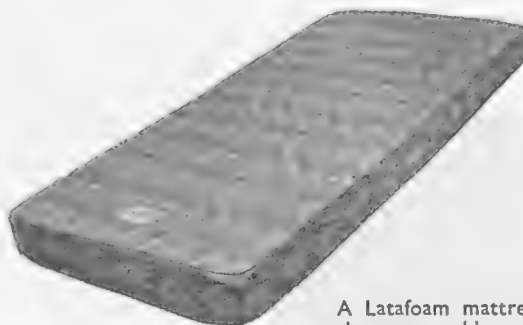
Comfort is not a matter of size but of good springing and sound lines. This modest chair by Gordon Russell has a spiral sprung seat and back

Soft Seatings

New techniques in upholstery are revolutionizing our standards of armchair comfort. Here Roger Smithells discusses the relative merits of old and new as applied to chairs and mattresses

down, spiral springs, feathers or hair and wadding. Backs and arms may also contain spiral springs or may be only padded or filled with hair and wadding of various kinds. The same basic system, in fact, gives scope

for the widest variations of quality according to the extent of the springing and the nature of the stuffing and padding materials employed. It will pay you to make inquiries into all these matters before buying.



A Latafoam mattress, one of the new rubber foam mattresses, which bring a new standard of comfort to bedding

The better-quality mattresses follow the same general construction as the chair springing described above, but the cheaper varieties are filled with plain hair stuffing and, even with constant care, tend to become lumpy.

Whilst much upholstered furniture is still made on this traditional spiral-and-webbing system, recent years have seen

spectacular progress in the art and craft of soft seating. To-day in upholstery the emphasis is still on springs but the new chairs employ horizontal springing for seats. This takes the form of flexible spring "bars" stretched across the width of the chair frame, each spring in its own separate textile cover. This system of "tension-suspension" is used in some Buoyant and Minty chairs.

Even more revolutionary than the slung spring is the development of latex foam as a form of upholstery. This spongy rubber cushioning material, widely known under the trade names of Dunlopillo and Latafoam, is a tough but soft material honeycombed with innumerable air cells (there are 250,000 to the cubic inch). The hard-wearing and resilient qualities of this material are revolutionizing cushion standards.

Latex foam cushioning has many advantages both for upholstery and for mattresses. It is porous throughout and, since it "breathes," does not collect dust and is actually air cooled during use, both absorbing and exhaling body heat. Its great resilience equalizes pressure against every point of contact. Of the various types of mattresses and divans manufactured to-day most are interior sprung. Some have

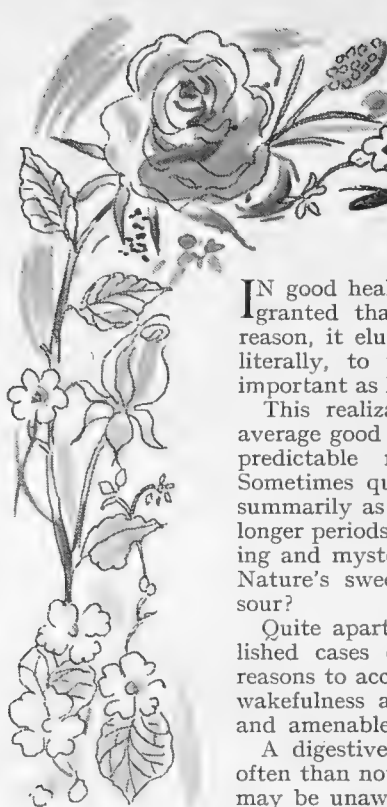
silent and independent coiled springing systems but most have adopted the tied springing system which facilitates an even distribution of weight.

Rivalling the comfort of interior spring-filled mattresses are the rubber foam mattresses which can never lose their shape, never become lumpy, providing a new degree of bedding luxury.



This graceful Swedish fireside chair combines a padded back and loose interior sprung cushion on spiral cross-springs

Sweet Restorer



IN good health sleep is taken so much for granted that it is only when, for some reason, it eludes us that we awaken, quite literally, to the realization that it is as important as life.

This realization comes at times to the average good sleeper. With sudden and unpredictable malice wakefulness pounces. Sometimes quite temporarily, departing as summarily as it came; sometimes for much longer periods. In either case it is a shattering and mysterious visitation. Why should Nature's sweet restorer so suddenly turn sour?

Quite apart from serious and long-established cases of insomnia there are many reasons to account for the sudden attack of wakefulness and most of them are simple and amenable to common-sense treatment.

A digestive upset of some kind is more often than not responsible, even though one may be unaware of having eaten unwisely. There is, of course, the obvious explanation

of the meal taken too late. When the digestive processes are active the supply of blood to the brain is temporarily retarded and this is why sleep sometimes fails to come when we have eaten in such a way as to stimulate the digestive processes before settling down. This is not a digestive upset but a normal process of Nature, and only calls for common-sense adjustment of the routine.

On the other hand the digestion may be thrown out of gear sufficiently to arrest sleep without any obvious symptoms of indigestion. In these cases some particular ingredient of the daily diet may be at fault. It can be that meals are too heavily weighted with starch or, again, with fat derived from heavy fried foods.

CONSTIPATION, so often present when it is least suspected, may be causing the digestive trouble. Toxic poison from a congested bowel condition puts an end to sound refreshing sleep more effectually than anything. When sleep is fretful and intermittent a course of laxative will often bring an improvement. In cases of long-standing constipation, a colonic irrigation, professionally administered, will clear the system of lurking poisons far more effectually than any dose can do.

Hunger and fatigue will often supply the answer to a temporary bout of insomnia. In a busy life it can easily happen that the sufferer is taking irregular meals and allowing the intervals between to stretch too far. In such cases a very light meal, a glass of milk or even a bar of chocolate just before sleep can prove effective.

Fatigue is the arch enemy of sleep. I refer to mental fatigue more than to the physical kind. If you work hard during the day and retire to bed exhausted, longing for sleep that will not come, the only answer is *more rest*. The habit of sitting up late because sleep will not come when in bed will get you nowhere.

It may be necessary to endure those hours of wakefulness for a while, but if the cause of them is over-tiredness sleep will eventually come and, with it, a new vista of mental and physical well-being.

Auto-suggestion is a powerful, if intangible, factor in wooing sleep. Don't go to bed with the thought in the forefront of your mind that you are not going to sleep. Say to yourself that you are. When you lie down, think of some peaceful scene—yourself, lying in a field on a summer's day or on a faraway sunny beach. Just relax and sleep will come.

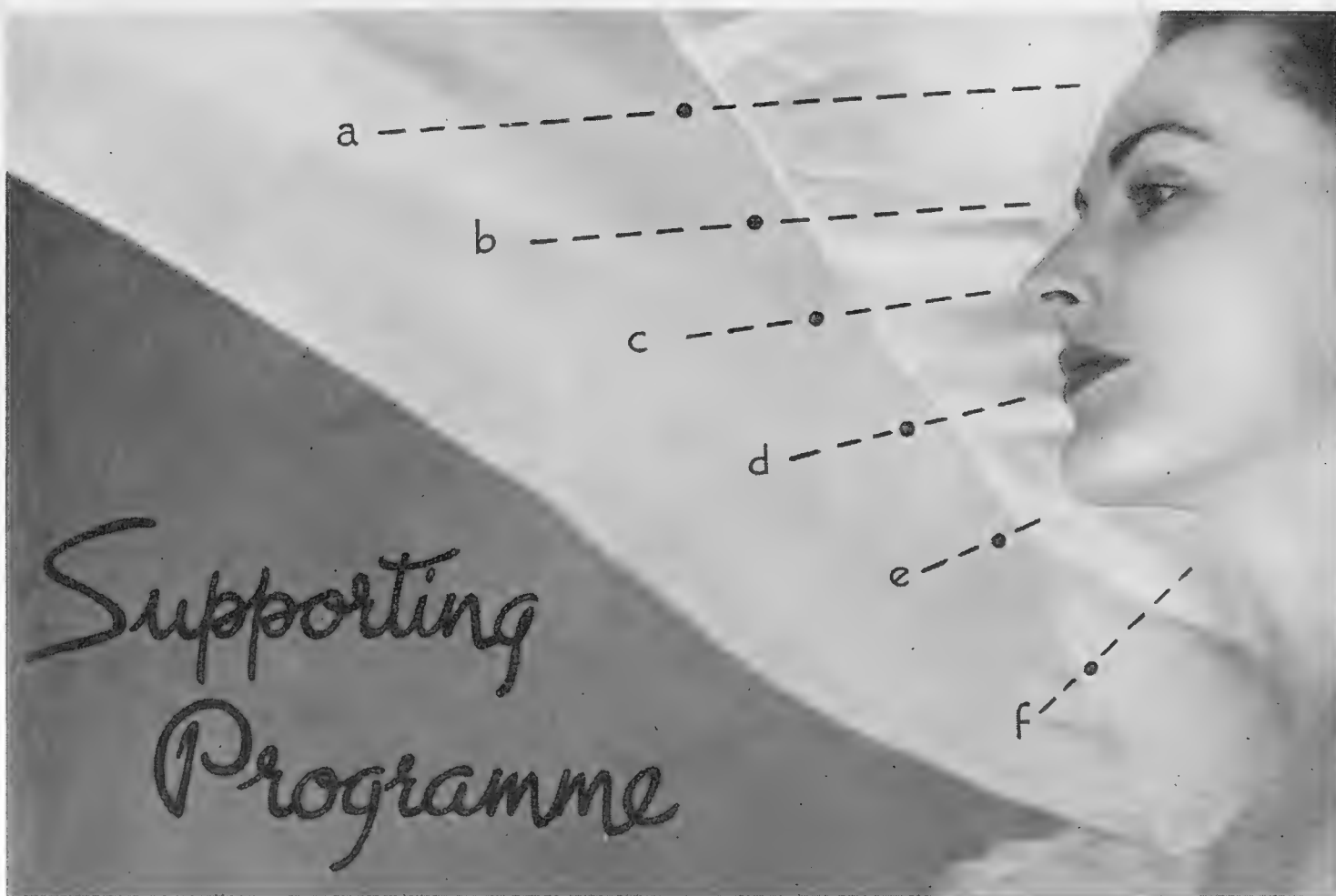


Shampoo Assistance

ONE of the greatest disadvantages of a home shampoo and set is the difficulty involved in drying the hair after it has been pinned up. It is a more than tedious business waiting for it to dry of its own accord, while trying to hasten the process in front of the gas fire is fraught with discomfort if not danger.

Considering the immense saving that a home shampoo involves, an electric hand dryer does, in the long term, prove a profitable investment. Economics apart, the advantages of a hair dryer are obvious to anyone who likes her home beauty treatments to approximate to the comforts of a salon service.

The Pifco hair dryer, attractively finished in white, is now on the market, that should meet the practical needs of most home hairdressers. The dryer is simplicity itself to manipulate. The adaptor is fitted into the light socket, the light switch turned on and the dryer is ready to use. A switch on the handle of the dryer itself controls the temperature of the air from warm to cold, as required, and the extra long flex makes it possible for the whole operation to be conducted from the comfort of an armchair.



FACIAL contours are based on firm muscular support. When, with the course of time, the muscles lose their elasticity, all those signs which are associated with an ageing appearance, begin to appear.

The first unmistakable portents are a blurring of the firm line of the chin and jaw; a faint hollow shadowing in the cheeks and an almost imperceptible sinking of the flesh around the eyes. The skin itself loses firmness and begins to wrinkle. All these signs are caused by the loss of elasticity from muscles no longer resilient enough to support and control.

MASSAGE and exercise will do much to restore tone to tired muscles, if the treatments are directed to the right areas. There are not a few, but a veritable network of muscles controlling facial movements and expressions, all of which play an important part in contour control. The most vital ones, as far as the contours are concerned, are indicated in our illustration, and it is to these areas that corrective treatment should be applied.

WHILE exercises will strengthen the muscle tissues, massage is equally vital in stimulating the blood circulation which feeds them. If you can afford an occasional professional massage it will pay a good dividend. Every woman over thirty should consider a regular salon treatment as an essential part of her basic beauty routine even if it is possible only three or four times a year, supplementing the professional massage with home treatments. In this way, the youthful firmness of the muscles should be maintained well into middle age.

Pinching the flesh around the angle of jawline is good for maintaining a firm chin contour. Take generous pinches of flesh between the flat of the first finger and the thumb, lubricating the skin with a good feeding cream beforehand.

USE much less drastic measures for the delicate areas around the eyes. Pat with staccato but fairly-light finger tips, again using a nourishing cream as a lubricant. Never stretch the

The facial muscles are too numerous and intricate for anyone except an anatomist to sort out. Grimacing in front of a mirror, however, will discover these main muscle bands on which the firm contours of the face depend. (a) The forehead muscles, running vertically from brow to hairline controlling the "frown" lines. (b) The circular muscles of the eyes which contract when the eyes are "screwed." (c) The firm cheekline relies on the "chewing" muscles which connect the lower and upper jaws. (d) The muscles of the mouth are again circular and come into play when the lips are "pursed." (e) The chin muscles are short square ligaments which on relaxing form the "dewlap." Finally (f), the neck muscles, delicate vertical ligaments just beneath the skin which because of that are most liable to stretching and straining

skin round the eyes, more than usually vulnerable to wrinkles.

Firm kneading strokes from chin, upwards to the cheekbone, will stimulate the blood flow to the muscles of the cheek. Then with the same movement, work up the chin line to just behind the ears where the arterial blood supply to the face is controlled.

CONTRARY to popular belief, facial exercises will not stretch the skin, but by strengthening the muscular sub-structure, will help to keep it taut and unwrinkled. This exercise will slim the throat line and maintain a graceful sweep from temple to chin. Open the mouth to its fullest extent and throw back the head. When the head is back, close the mouth and bring the head, with chin tucked well in, back to its level position, feeling the pull of the muscles as you do so.

GRIMACING is an easy and effective facial exercise. Pull "faces" and feel the muscles working as you do so. Widen the mouth and move it from side to side until you can feel the pull upon the surrounding muscles. Open the mouth wide, tense it, and then close it slowly, "resisting" all the time.



Ballet of the Broom

There can be little excuse for fantasy upon so cogent a theme as the housewife's daily round. Muriel Segal, however, puts a strong case for making necessity a virtue



Bending and stretching

AFTER several years of doing our own chores, most of us realize how much energy we spend on the daily routine. The stooping and stretching and running around often makes one more tired than a day's tennis or golf. But though housework may be more dreary, it can at least be as figure-improving as the most costly slimming course.

Practically any household job can have its own particular exercise value. Except washing-up. I can really find no excuse for washing-up and nothing can relieve it from being a bore.

But making the beds, shaking the rugs, laying the table, running up and down stairs, mopping round the parquet, can either wear you out or keep you slim and fit—according to the way you set about it.

ONE sylph-like model-girl who has to do a lot of home-chores says she makes at least a part of her housework almost like a ballet. For ten minutes at least she has the radio playing to give a feeling of rhythm and she tries to swing her movements as freely as possible.

So many women use their hands and wrists too much and never swing from the shoulder. Imagine the difference between pushing up the window with a grunt and a strain, or swinging up the arms and pushing from the waist.

Just as in tennis or golf, you get better results and get much less tired by using the whole body, you start off by stripping the bed with long sweeping movements, using the same action as the arm-swinging exercises we used to have at school. When you make the bed use as few movements and as simple as possible. Don't dither and poke about, patting the pillow, then running to the foot to tuck in the blanket. Each action should really mean something and be, in itself, absolutely necessary, just as in a dance routine when every action fits into the whole sequence.

IT'S quite fun to try out the movements which you use in your household jobs, such as ironing or mixing a batter and simplify them into rhythmical exercises. You will need to concentrate, and if your mind wanders while you dust the bookshelves you won't be doing the stretching on your toes to the top shelf and bending with straight knee to the lowest shelf which should be part of the job.

BRUSHING a suit, of course, can be fine for rhythmical exercise and brushing the dust into a dustpan can be just the excuse for getting down to it with knees bent out just as in the old P.T. days.

Wiping round the bath is another readymade exercise for swinging in a semi-circle from the hips. Polishing the long mirror gives a reason for stretching up on your toes and swinging right down to touch the floor.

HANGING curtains is a good exercise and when spring comes there'll be a whole lot more for the garden, not forgetting, of course, the odd bits of house decoration.

This may sound a little improbable at first, but it does work out, and besides helping with figure problems, it is important not to use the wrong actions which strain instead of limber up. Soon graceful free movement becomes automatic and there's no further need to think about it.

PRACTISE economy of action in your housework routine. There is no need, for instance, to use the spine to polish the floor. Polishing should involve only arm and shoulder movements, whether you like to get down to it on your knees, or whether you use a longhandled mop. To "go to it" with arms, legs and back, only adds up to unnecessary fatigue at the end. The same principle applies to such varied jobs as wringing out the smalls, using the sewing machine or standing over the cooking stove.

YOU may still resent the time spent on sweeping and dusting and long for the "perfect treasure" of other days, but if it's keeping the waistline trim it may seem more bearable, excepting the wash-up. I still can't find any excuse for that.



Rhythmic arm swinging

Rhythmic hip swinging

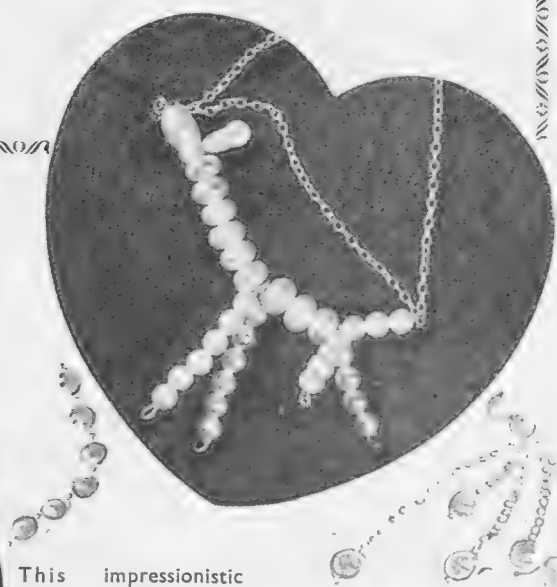


Baroque Jewellery

The latest trends in fashion jewellery show an extravagance to Baroque extremes. Ever since Jacques Fath launched his fabulous necklace in Paris, other designers have followed with equally elaborate creations. Bib necklaces and chandelier ear-rings have made their debut with décolleté evening clothes while costume jewellery translates the current theme into equally fanciful, if less costly, designs



Chandelier ear-rings of pearls with a rhinestone and pearl bib necklace with pearl pendants is American. This ensemble typifies the new trends, and catches the essence of the original French inspiration

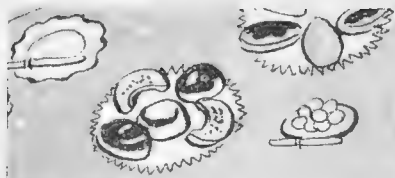


This impressionistic giraffe is a lapel brooch created in artificial pearls



The bouquet brooch of flowers and leaves in imitation pearls, left, and one of a pair of earclips composed of imitation pearls, coloured beads and gilt, above, are both of English design. Rhinestones and amethysts were combined in the American necklace, earring and clip trio, right





Cookies and Small Cakes

THE tea table is always more tempting if variety can be achieved in the foods served. This is done most easily by making a number of small eatables rather than one cake. It need not mean much trouble and it is not so hard on the rations. One egg will produce about two dozen little fluffy cakes in paper cases, where a good-sized sponge really needs two eggs. There are also many little cookies

which do not require an egg at all and are light on fat and sugar. One particular mixture allows scope for varied flavours or you can introduce variety through the decoration. These little cakes can come on fresh and pretty for several days, where a cake cut and cut again, never looks very attractive. Here are a few examples of these little odds and ends.

COOKIES

MOCHA PORCUPINES

Ingredients: 3 oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 4 oz. flour (self-raising); 1 small tablespoonful semolina; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking powder; about a dessertspoonful coffee essence; a little coffee flavoured butter icing; about a dozen blanched almonds.

Cream fat and sugar and beat in egg. Add baking powder to flour. Mix coffee into mixture and add flour gradually. Mix well. Form into small eggs in floured hands. Bake in moderate oven Regulo 4 or 325° F. 20-30 minutes. When cool split and join pairs together with coffee filling. Cut almonds in pointed strips and poke round cookies like spines. Little cuts with a knife will help to put nuts in firmly.

NUT MERINGUE COOKIES

Ingredients: 3 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; 6 oz. flour; jam; meringue made with 1 egg white whisked stiff with a dessertspoonful sugar; a few chopped nuts.



Small Cakes



Bacon

Lay in well-greased tin and grill or cook in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 15 minutes. Serve with green peas and tomato sauce and pop a stuffed olive into each end of bacon roll.

NOW that we have a little extra bacon we can again turn our attention to the many excellently flavoured bacon dishes. Eggs, cheese, many fishes, poultry, rabbit, vegetables all are enhanced by the addition of a bacon flavouring.

The recipes included in this article are ones which rely chiefly on bacon for their flavour and yet do not demand an extravagant quantity as the average household has no great quantity to spare for other purposes if they have to produce cooked breakfasts.

First, two variations of bacon olives.

FISH AND BACON ROLLS

Ingredients: 4 rashers bacon; 4 small fillets plaice or other fish; herb forcemeat made with 4 oz. crumbs, 1 oz. suet or melted margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful dried herbs, 1 dessertspoonful chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoonful mushroom or tomato ketchup, seasoning and a little egg or milk to bind.

Remove rinds and gristle from bacon; lay out flat; place a fillet of fish on each; trim to fit—squeeze lemon on fish if available. Spread a little forcemeat along each fillet. Roll up and tie at both ends with string. Place in a pie dish or shallow casserole with very little water round them. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 25 minutes. Serve round mashed potato.

BACON OLIVES

Ingredients: 6 very thin rashers of bacon; forcemeat as above, omitting ketchup; 8 stuffed olives; small tin paté de foie (optional).

Prepare bacon as before. Spread each rasher thinly with paté de foie and a good layer of forcemeat. Roll up and tie.

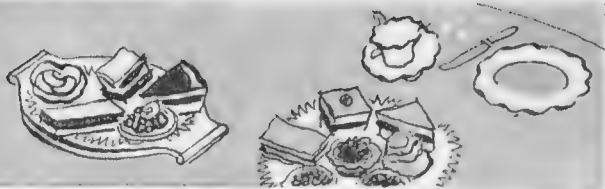
SAVOURY LENTILS AND BACON

Ingredients: 1 pint lentils or split peas, soaked overnight; 1 rasher of bacon per person; 1 onion; breadcrumbs.

Put lentils and rinds from bacon in a pan with a quart of



Bean and Bacon Ramikins



Cream margarine and sugar. Work in flour, kneading till free from cracks. Roll out about $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thick, and cut out small oblongs. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 30 minutes. When cooked spread lightly with jam, whisk meringue and fold in nuts, pile high on top of the shortbreads. Return to oven for about 5 minutes till meringue is set and light brown. The shortbread can also be cut in shapes, such as leaves, and tipped at each end with chocolate icing.

FRUIT COOKIES

Ingredients: 4 oz. self-raising flour; 1 oz. margarine; 2 oz. peanut butter; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 2 oz. semolina; 2 oz. sugar; 2 oz. currants; pinch of salt; milk to mix.

Add salt and baking powder to flour, add sugar. Cut up fat small and rub this and the peanut butter in very finely. Add fruit and enough milk to form stiff dough. Roll in small balls in floured hands and place on lightly-greased baking tin. Flatten a little and put $\frac{1}{2}$ an almond on each. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 20 minutes.

SMALL CAKES

HONEY CAKES

Ingredients: 2½ oz. margarine and lard mixed; 2 oz. sugar; 1 egg; 6 oz. self-raising flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon; 3 oz. honey; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; pinch salt; lemon flavoured water icing; dessertspoonful milk.

Cream fat and sugar. Beat in egg; add milk and lemon



Cookies

rind. Add salt, baking powder and soda to flour, beat into mixture. Mix in honey (which should be warmed) and lemon juice. Put in shallow, well-greased (Continued on page 64)

Dishes



stock or water and boil slowly about 2 hours. Slice onion small and fry till golden brown and tender. Drain lentils, and sieve them, season, and add enough breadcrumbs to form a stiff paste. Mix in onions and 1 oz. of margarine. Fill a greased fireproof dish with mixture, and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 20 minutes, till firm. Lay rashers of fried bacon on top; sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

BACON RISSOTTO

Ingredients: 4 oz. rice or riced macaroni; 1 oz. margarine; seasoning; 1 pint stock; 3 tomatoes; 3 rashers of bacon; 1 oz. grated cheese.

Wash and drain rice. Melt margarine in a pan; add rice and cook gently a few minutes, stirring continuously. Scald tomatoes in boiling water and remove skins. Cut in pieces. Add to rice and season. Stir a minute or two longer and gradually add stock. Bring to boil and simmer about 40 minutes (if macaroni is used, only half stock will be wanted and about 20 minutes cooking). Drain away any remaining stock, add cheese and bacon, chopped and fried. Heat through and pile up on a dish.

BEAN AND BACON RAMIKINS

Ingredients: 1 small tin beans in tomato; 3 rashers bacon; about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mushrooms; tablespoonful grated cheese; brown crumbs; tinned peas.

Put a spoonful of beans in bottom of each ramikin. Chop bacon and mushrooms and fry. Put a layer of these on top of beans. Cover with brown crumbs and cheese and dot with margarine. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 15-20 minutes till heated through and top (Continued on page 64)



Just the Right Flavour

GOOD flavourings and essences can greatly improve even the best cooking so long as they are used in the correct proportion. This chart gives quantities in teaspoonful for different purposes

Flavouring	Cakes per lb. of cake	Biscuits per lb. of biscuits	Custards, trifles, per pint	Icing per lb.	Fondants, fudge, etc per lb.
VANILLA	2	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
LEMON	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
RUM	$1\frac{1}{2}$	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
ALMOND	$1\frac{1}{2}$ -2	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	—
				(marzipan)	
RATAFIA	$1\frac{1}{2}$ -2	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
ORANGE	2	—	$\frac{1}{4}$	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1
TANGERINE	—	—	$\frac{1}{4}$	—	—
RASPBERRY	2	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1
STRAWBERRY	2	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1
COCOANUT	2	$1\frac{1}{2}$ -2	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1
PINEAPPLE	—	—	$\frac{1}{4}$	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1
BANANA	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1
CARAWAY	2	2	—	—	—
MARASCHINO	2	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
PEPPERMINT	—	—	—	—	—



Foreign Aid

A RECENT announcement in the German Press inviting single women between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to apply to the German Federal Department of Labour for domestic work in England brought a very considerable response. It is still necessary to obtain a labour permit for foreign domestic helps, but the system of foreign aid is proving more and more popular with families here unable to solve the problem with English help. The flow of foreign domestic aid to this country is continuous.

Importing a foreign domestic is a responsible undertaking which many hesitate to try. The feeling of having burnt one's boats, once the girl is established in the home, is a little alarming. Nevertheless, it is working out well in a great number of cases. The important thing is to realize that a domestic help from abroad is not an English one either in temperament or habits. If we accept this fact and adjust to the situation with open eyes there is much to be gained.

WHETHER the new help is from Germany, Italy or any other European country it is important to remember that temperaments vary widely according to the particular area from which they come. A friend who, encouraged by the success of a neighbour's German domestic help, imported one for her own household was astonished to find her Klara of a more stolid, dark and serious type to the genial buxom blonde next door. The explanation is that they were from different quarters of Germany. The wife of a diplomat who has lived many years in that country claims that her most successful helps have been from the Rhine district. Similarly it has been proved that the Northern Italian woman adapts herself better to the climatic condition of this country and is a more methodical and accomplished worker than her sisters from the warmer South.

THERE is no doubt that the average German domestic help is energetic, scrupulous in cleanliness and a good cook in her own way. But this is the problem. One cannot expect English cooking or English methods of house-keeping from a foreigner and it is in this clash of methods that many

relationships between employer and help disintegrate.

A great deal of "give and take" is required in this sense. A good foreign help, tactfully handled, will conscientiously adapt herself to the ways of an English household to some extent, but lifelong habits die hard and there must be tolerance on both sides. Your foreign help may be surprised and perhaps even critical of some of our established English methods. What of it? Good humoured co-operation between employer and help may very well result in a fusion of methods producing the best of both worlds.

All the same, if you are unwilling to admit anything but characteristic English fare to your table the fancy cooking of the continental will almost certainly produce friction between you. On the other hand her economies will astonish you. Frugality is a first principle of continental housekeeping. What the average Englishwoman casts aside as waste food is resuscitated in the form of delicious, if highly flavoured, messes. You either like it or you don't, but the economies of these methods cannot be criticized.

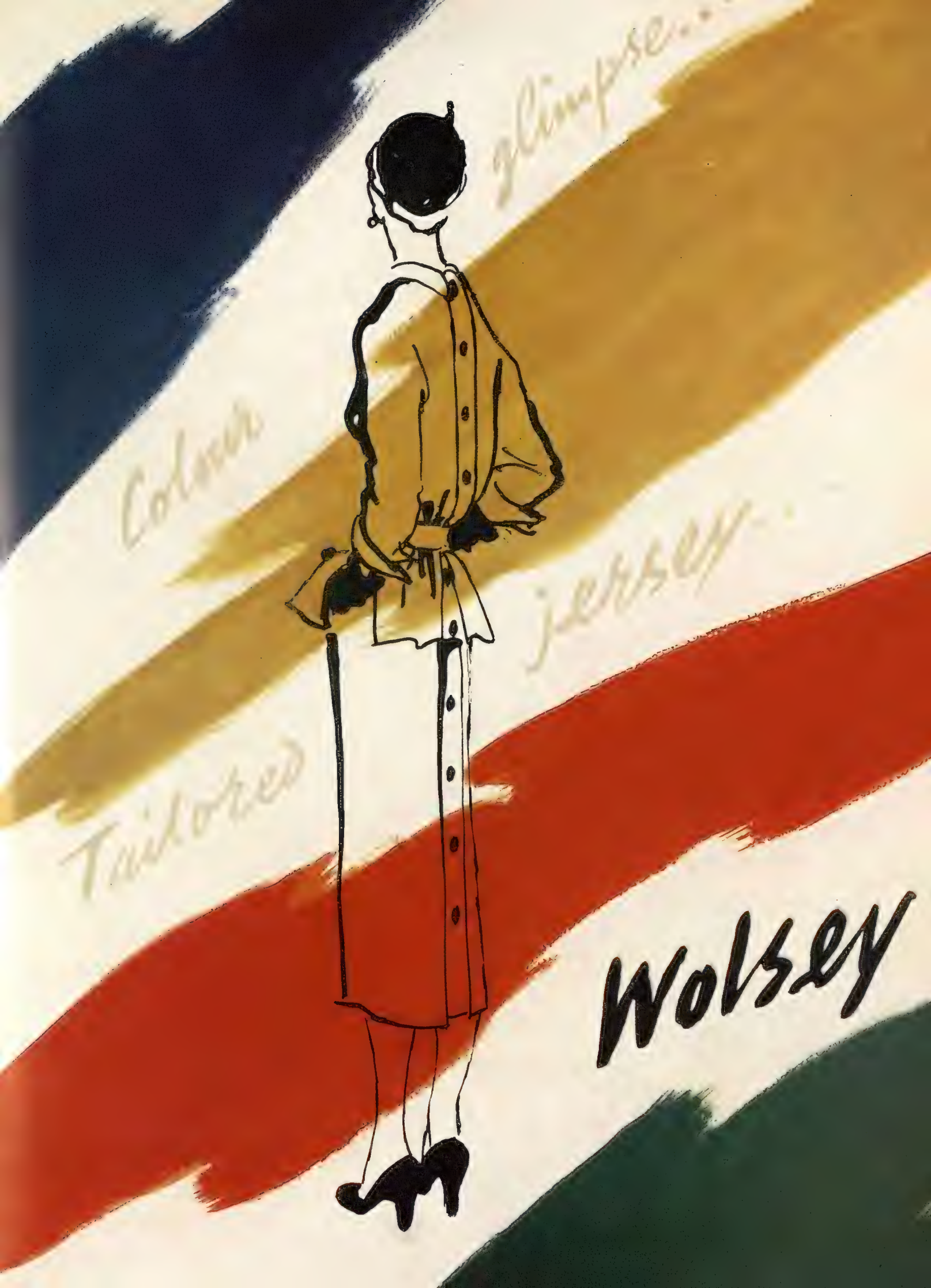
THE social life of the imported help presents another problem. A German or Italian peasant will not look for much in the way of social intercourse and is not always responsive to kindly endeavours to shepherd her into local activities of a typically English kind.

Naturally she prefers her own kind and her own language, but many of these women are coming to this country in pairs or small parties and are thus able to fraternize among their chosen friends.

(Continued on page 64)



Domestic helpers, arriving under sponsored schemes receive ration books and permits at the billeting centre. When private arrangements are made between individual employer and help, documents are obtained from local authorities.



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Spring Into Action

Spring cleaning, at best, must be an arduous business. There is, however, always a choice between the most and the least tiresome way of tackling it. Here are a few cleaning hints that you may not already know



Treasured books need periodical attention. Remove the dust from the top with a soft brush. Don't slap the covers together to remove dust as this is injurious to the spine. Then remove discoloration by cleaning with bread



Even if you keep your lino regularly polished, it should be scrubbed at least once a year to remove all the old polish and ingrained dirt and to restore the colour. Afterwards, repolish extra generously

A shampoo with warm, soapless suds will keep moths away from the baize-topped card-table. Wash small sections at a time, mopping dry as you go. The same applies if moth have already made their appearance



Much better than washing, clean parchment shades with fine, dry oatmeal applied with cotton-wool. Wipe over the fittings with a damp cloth when you take down the shade so that it can go back immediately



Obstinate stains and marks on paintwork can be removed by rubbing them with a damp cloth on which a few drops of paraffin have been sprinkled. Wash paint again with warm soapy water and polish with a cloth



Wash the inside of drawers with water to which a little ammonia has been added as a moth-proofing measure. Remember to sprinkle D.D.T. powder into garments that are going away for long storage

There is an excellent glass polishing liquid that will halve the time spent in getting mirror and picture glass to a creditable sheen. If you cannot get this, use methylated spirits instead. Give a final polish with a soft cloth



For cleaning leather upholstery, use a solution of one dessertspoonful of vinegar and half a teaspoonful of strong liquid ammonia to one pint of cold water. Sponge over with this solution and then mop dry. Finally polish with a furniture cream





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Make Up Your Mind

(Continued from page 12)

RUSS helped Jerry push a boat down into the water. Russ sat in front and looked back towards the beach. Helen had won the race and was being hugged by Evans as if she'd won the Melbourne Cup. Evans kissed her and everyone cheered. Russ turned and faced out to sea. He picked up the harpoon that was used to spear turtles and wondered how long it would take for him to die after he'd plunged it into himself. He decided it would take too long and would hurt too much. He then started to think of plunging it into Evans, and that was a much better thought.

"There's one!" Jerry yelled.

Turtle-spearing is a native art, and many white men spend a lifetime trying to master it. But Russ, who was a mug at golf, a flop at tennis, and a drongo at cricket, had become proficient at it in six months.

He stood up in the prow of the boat now, aware that everyone on the beach was looking at him. He saw the turtle coming to the surface about eight to ten feet in front of the boat. He poised for a moment, both hands gripping the harpoon, then he launched himself in a flying, curving dive. The harpoon went home in a clean hit and as Russ came back up to the surface he thought, I hope Helen and Evans got a load of that.

They had. As Jerry and Russ rowed ashore, Helen and Evans were the first to come down and meet them.

"Russ, you're marvellous!" Helen said.

"You should write a story about yourself."

"I'll get around to it," Russ said modestly.

"I'd like to learn to do that," Evans said.

"Reckon you could teach me?"

"How long are you staying?" Russ said.

"Well, that depends." Evans looked down at Helen, who suddenly seemed to find something interesting in the clear sky. "I've booked a couple of seats on to-morrow afternoon's plane."

Behind him, Russ heard Jerry snort disgustedly. He put a stopper on his own snort and said, "Well, maybe I could teach you. What about first thing to-morrow morning?"

"Sure, that'll be fine. I'll see you about ten o'clock." Evans grinned down at Helen. "This'll make me the star turn at Palm Beach."

"We'll have to have a banner painted," Helen said. "Nick Evans and His Performing Turtle." And we'd better book another seat on to-morrow's plane. For the turtle. Or have you forgotten there aren't any turtles at Palm Beach?"

"I've seen a few," Russ said, "only they didn't wear shells."

"Nuts to you," Helen said, and Russ bowed in acknowledgement.

"Well, I'd like to learn, anyway," Evans said. "Someday there might be a turtle with a shell, at Palm Beach."

"Righto," Russ said. "I'll see you in the morning."

HELEN and Evans walked up the beach, hand in hand. Jerry looked after them. "How you reckon you're gonna teach him to spear turtle in a morning? You're the only bloke I've ever met who learned to do it in six months."

"You heard him say he was going to be the star turn at Palm Beach," Russ said. "He doesn't know it, but he's going to be the star turn up here."

"What does that get you?"

"Nothing," said Russ. "But he's got my girl."

"You mean the blond?" Jerry said.

"Yeah."

Jerry spat into the sand, shook his head, and turned back to the boat. "I'd rather have a turtle."

"Only a turtle would look at you," Russ said. "Come on, let's get this one out of the boat."

THAT evening Russ was sitting on the steps of his shack watching the sun go down behind a burning mountain of cloud.

He had just finished writing five hundred words, the worst he'd written since he'd been in third grade at school. Editors would look at them and scream with laughter, but they weren't meant to be funny. Some writers are supposed to write better after love has put the boot into them, but not Russell Barker. What he had written this afternoon wouldn't have done credit to the worst short-story writer on an off-day.

He looked up to see Helen coming along the track. She was alone, but he waited for Evans to pop out from behind a tree at any moment. Helen walked up, dusted off the steps with four square inches of handkerchief, and sat down.

"Hallo," she said, by way of opening the conversation.

Russ just nodded, and continued to stare out at the sunset. She obviously hadn't come up here just for the walk, and he wasn't going to allow himself to be weakened again. If he hadn't kissed her last night, he might have been all right to-day. So he prepared to steel himself and sat there in silence, a hunk of high-grade ore.

"Nice sunset," Helen said, taking the conversation a step further.

Russ didn't disagree. More silence for a while. A coconut fell from a tree and hit the ground with a thud; it sounded like a bomb in the heavy silence.

Then Helen said, "I'm going home to marry Nick." Russ just nodded, and after a minute or two Helen spoke again. "You're sure you won't come back and live in Sydney?"

"No," said Russ.

"Well, could we compromise? Let's live nine months of the year in Sydney and three up here."

Russ weakened. "Make it the other way round and I might consider it."

But Helen wasn't having any. "What would I do for nine months up here? It's all right for you—you have your writing to occupy you. What would I have? Spearing turtles, fishing, gathering coconuts—that's no life for a woman."

"You could be a pioneer," Russ said.

"I'd rather be a playgirl," Helen said.

"Look, Russ, I know you think my life is empty and useless. But if I came up here to live with you, it would be a darn' sight more useless."

"You'd be looking after me."

"How much of my time would that take? You never wear anything but a pair of shorts, so there'd be practically no laundry. I could clean out this shack in half an hour. And there'd never be any entertaining. You may get a kick out of turtle teaparties, but frankly they leave me cold. Turtles make good soup, but they're no home-makers. I want a home, Russ, not a permanent holiday."

"Life ought to be a holiday, full of sunshine and laughter and . . . well, laughter."

"What would I have to laugh at? I'd just sit around and get bored to death."

"We could have kids."

"And bring them up as natives? Well, that's an idea. We could raise a large family and in our old age be known as King Russ and Queen Helen."

THERE was movement down the track and Evans came into view. "I thought I'd find you up here," he said. "It's a fine thing to know that every time you lose your girl, you can find her at another man's shack." He stopped for a moment, as if he were listening to an echo, then said, "Do I sound peeved? I meant to."

"Don't let it worry you," Helen said. She moved over on the step. "Here, take a seat. I'm just trying to talk Russ into marrying me."

Evans sat down. "Go right ahead. Don't mind me."

Russ looked at him. "You're a gutless no-hoper, if ever I saw one."

"There's no need to be insulting," Helen said.

(Continued on page 62)

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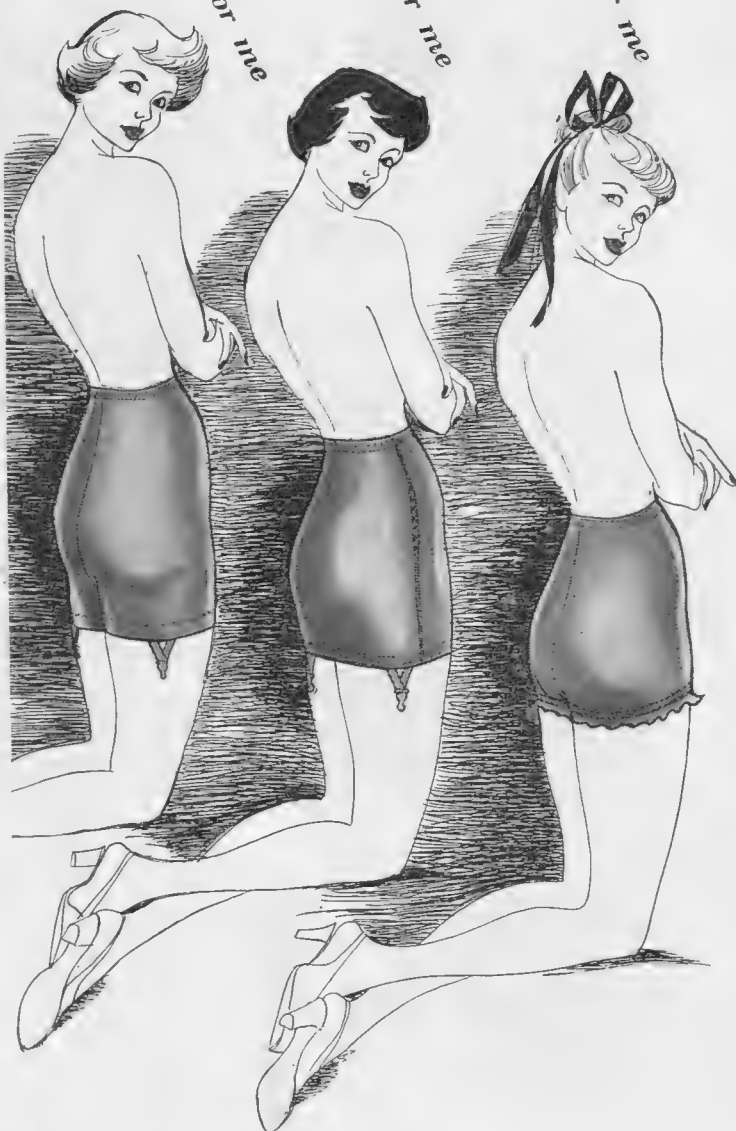
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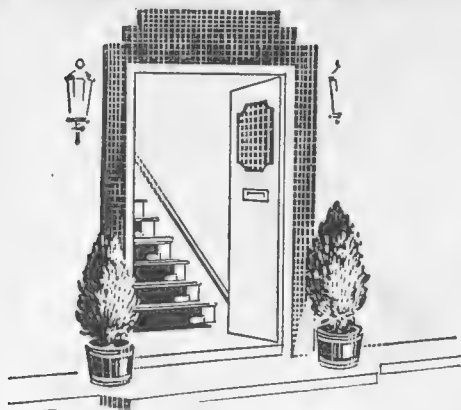
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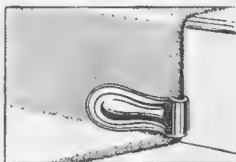
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"I wasn't talking to you," Russ said, and looked back at Evans. "Don't you believe in fighting for the woman you love?"

"Do you?" Evans said.

"Yes, definitely," Russ said.

"Oh, good," said Helen.

"What'll it be, then," said Evans. "Fists, pistols, or harpoons?"

"What are you talking about?" Russ said. "I'm not going to fight you."

"Scaredy-cat," Helen said. "Just a dingo."

Evans said, "Look, Barker. I've got nothing against you. I knew the set-up long before I came up here. Our mutual girl-friend has explained it to me. I know she's in love with you and I know what the difficulty is. But I'm quite happy to be second choice. I've got my own ideas about there being only one true love—"

"A philosopher," Helen said.

Evans ignored her. "—and I think in time she could forget you ever existed. No offence meant."

"None taken," said Russ.

"Well, that's how it is," Evans said, and stood up. "If you two can't work it out, I'll step in. And you'll pardon my selfishness if I hope that you can't come to an agreement."

Russ looked at Helen. "You'd better go with him."

"You won't come back to Sydney?" she said.

Russ shook his head. "Not even to be buried."

Helen said nothing. She took Evans's arm and they walked back up the track. They had disappeared into the darkness under the trees, when Evans's voice came floating back, "How about to-morrow morning? Is our date with the turtles still on?"

"Yes," Russ called. "Ten o'clock."

When he went down to the beach next morning, after a sleepless night, he felt in no mood for spearing turtles. Evans and Helen were waiting for him, sitting in Jerry Simpson's boat. Evans looked so pleased one might have thought he'd already speared half a dozen turtles. Helen looked distant and pre-occupied. And Jerry just looked disgusted, turning away every now and again to spit into the sea.

Russ waded out to the boat. As they made for deep water he explained to Evans the principles of the sport. Every so often he looked at Helen, but she was still a long way away. About as far away as Sydney, he reckoned.

"You leaving this afternoon?" he said to Evans.

"You bet," Evans said. "I can't say I'm sorry you lost out, old man. You'll understand my jubilation, of course?"

"Oh, sure," Russ said. "Go ahead and jubilate all you want." He looked at Helen. "My best wishes to both of you."

She was wearing the French swim-suit again, but somehow she managed to look dignified as she bowed. "Thank you, Russell."

"This'll do," Jerry said, and let the boat drift. "He'd better have a coupla practice dives first."

Russ dived a couple of times to show Evans the trick of sending the full weight of one's body in behind the harpoon, then Evans tried his luck. The first dive was almost a belly-flop, but at the sixth try he was going into the water in more or less the right way. But that didn't mean he was going to spear a turtle as soon as they saw one.

THE sun climbed higher and got hotter. The sea sparkled, then began to turn to a blue glare on the eyes. Conversation was at a low ebb; Evans did most of the talking, and after a time he began to talk to himself, so he wouldn't feel he was being snubbed.

"There's one!" Jerry yelled, and set the boat in motion.

Evans stood up in the prow, while Russ stood behind him, holding a second harpoon and repeating the instruction he'd given earlier. The boat edged closer to the turtle and Evans, standing on his toes now, prepared to dive.

"Now!" Russ shouted.

Evans was still in the air when Russ saw the long blue-grey shape coming through

Make Up Your Mind

the water about thirty feet from the boat. Helen and Jerry saw it. Helen screamed and Jerry yelled, "Shark!"

Evans had hit the water, missing the turtle by a yard, and had gone on down, unaware that something was now after him. The shark slid across the front of the boat, turning slightly as it went down. Russ was halfway to the water, the harpoon he held aimed dead at the shark's belly, before he realized what he was doing. Hell, he thought, what am I doing here? But it was too late to turn back now and he went on down, feeling the harpoon strike home and drive deep. He let go the harpoon, feeling his shoulder graze the huge body as he went past, then he was kicking furiously for the surface. The water darkened and foamed about him as the shark thrashed in a mad effort to get the harpoon out of its belly, but Russ had done a good job.

Russ came to the surface to see Evans being hauled into the boat by Jerry. Helen was clutching the side of the boat and shouting frantically something that Russ couldn't catch, but that he took to be advice to get a move on. He didn't need advice. He kicked once, thrashed his arms, and almost dived out of the water into the boat.

"No need to hurry," Jerry said. "You fixed him for good, I reckon."

The shark was thirty or forty yards from the boat, still thrashing the water but already getting weaker in its struggles. Evans leant across and took Russ's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Thanks, pal. Thanks a lot."

Helen said nothing. She was lying in a dead faint on the bottom of the boat.

THAT afternoon Russ sat on the steps of his shack and watched the plane circle the island then head for the mainland. He knew he'd never be able to write another worthwhile line, but at least he'd proved he could make up his mind and stick to his decision. He'd proved he wasn't putty in a woman's hands. Helen had come up here, shown off her looks and her figure, tried to make him jealous, even tried to weaken him by making love to him, but he'd remained firm and strong, a man who knew what he wanted.

What he wanted was in that plane, now almost out of sight. He hadn't gone down to see them leave because he knew he would have weakened and climbed aboard with them. Seeing Helen limp and helpless on the bottom of the boat this morning had been the final straw, but when she'd regained consciousness she'd gone up to her hut without speaking to him.

There was movement down the track, but he didn't look up; it would be Jerry, bringing up some beer. Well, they'd get good and groggy to-night, and when the beer ran out he'd have to think of another way of forgetting Helen.

"Hallo," she said.

He looked up. He stared at her standing at the bottom of the steps, then out to the plane, now just a speck in the sky, then back at her. He almost fell down the steps and scooped her up in his arms. All resistance ran out of him as he kissed her, but he didn't care. It would be Sydney, twelve months of the year, and to hell with Wallaroo Island.

"I couldn't go," Helen said. "And Nick didn't want me to. He said I should stay here with you."

"We'll catch to-morrow's plane," Russ said. "We'll pack to-night—"

"No," Helen said. "We'll stay here. You'll write and I'll learn to spear turtle—"

"Nothing doing," Russ said. "We'll move back to Sydney for good—"

"Why don't you do half and half?" Jerry stood at the end of the track, a bottle of beer under each arm. "Six months in Sydney, six months up here."

Helen and Russ looked at each other, then Russ turned to Jerry. "Bring those bottles here and we'll drink to us. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Barker, of Sydney and Wallaroo Island."

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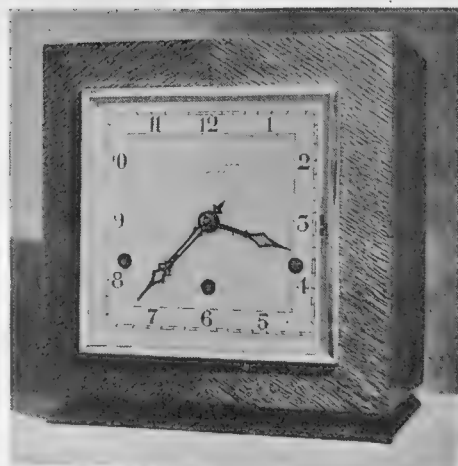
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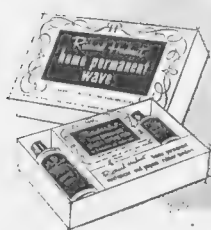
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Foreign Aid

(Continued from page 56)

So far as discipline and a happy relationship is concerned, it is important to remember that the foreign help is very apt to misinterpret the English habit of tolerance and understatement. An attitude which is forthright and firm is more easily appreciated and far better understood, moreover occasional flashes of temperament have no lasting significance. What we are accustomed to term a "row" between an English help and her employer is a mere expression of opinion to the foreigner and in no way justifies a sense of grievance on either side.

END

Cookies And Small Cakes

(Continued from page 55)

baking tin. Bake in slow oven 1½ hours; Regulo 3 or 300° F. When cool cut into squares and cover tops with lemon water icing and any small sugar flower or decoration if liked.

WALNUT CUP CAKES

Ingredients: 6 oz. flour; 1 oz. semolina; teaspoonful baking powder; 4 table-spoonfuls milk; 2 oz. shelled walnuts; 3 oz. sugar; 1 egg; 3 oz. fat; chocolate icing.

Cream fat and sugar. Add egg, well beaten, add semolina and baking powder to flour. Beat into mixture with milk to make a stiff batter. Add walnuts, chopped; half fill paper cake cases and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 20 minutes. When cold, coat top thickly with chocolate icing and, if you like, decorate.

ROSEBUD CAKES

Take some of the same mixture as for cup cakes and colour faintly with cochineal, flavour with almond essence. Fill well-greased tartlet tins with mixture. Cook in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 15 minutes. When cool, decorate top of each with five petals, using pale pink water icing, pushed through forcing tube and make a small centre with small yellow sugar balls.

CHOCOLATE CAKELETS

Ingredients: 1 egg; 5 oz. self-raising flour; 2 oz. margarine; dessertspoonful milk; 2 oz. sugar; teaspoonful baking powder; ¼ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; large dessertspoonful cocoa; ½ cupful very finely-chopped roasted nuts; white water icing.

Cream sugar and fat. Beat egg well, and add other dry ingredients to flour and beat into mixture together with milk. Half-fill shallow baking tin, well greased. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 30 minutes. When cold cut in shapes and cover with icing and dredge with nuts.

The same mixture can be used for dominoes if cooked in flat tin and cut when cool, iced with white icing and dots put on with silver balls.

END

Bacon Dishes

(Continued from page 55)

brown. Meanwhile heat peas and fry tiny curls of bacon on a skewer (one for each ramikin). Serve with a border of green peas round edge of each ramikin and a curl of bacon and a sprig of parsley in centre of each.

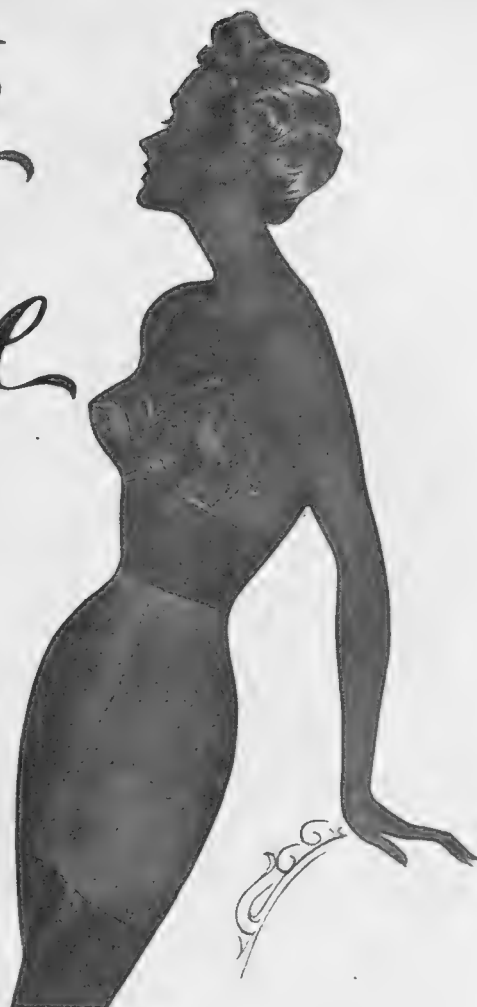
CORNWALL TOASTS

Ingredients: 6 fingers of buttered toast; 6 large mushrooms; 3 rashers bacon; 1 egg scrambled.

Chop mushrooms small and fry in about 1 oz. margarine; when tender stir in 1 oz. of flour and a small glass of sherry. Stir till sauce is smooth and thick. Cut bacon rashers in half, roll, thread on skewer and fry. Scramble egg, spread toasts with mushroom mixture. Lay a bacon roll on top of each with a little scrambled egg on either side. Garnish with parsley.

END

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The Covered Man (Continued from page 19)

lurch, and for bringing back a miserable, unhappy chapter from the past. Miles had been in love with Doreen Rodd, a vivid, fascinating girl, whose beauty was as striking as her emotions were unstable. Miles had been in practice less than two years. He'd always been reluctant to talk about this period, and Brenda had never questioned him. She'd known him in those days, distantly. Watching Doreen, she'd felt herself to be plain, *gauche*, uninteresting; and for her own peace of mind she'd kept as far away from the young doctor as possible.

Doreen and Miles were engaged early one May, with the wedding fixed for the September. Brenda found town unbearable, and went to stay with an aunt who lived in Suffolk. She didn't return to town until the disaster. Looking back on it was like recalling an unfinished story. Had Miles supplied drugs where medical treatment did not call for their use? Had he yielded to some temptation and sold cocaine? Undeniably, the cocaine had gone from his possession and there were no records to account for it. Miles had gone down to prison maintaining a stubborn silence. His counsel could do little more than put in a token appearance, submit the previous good character of the defendant, and put forward a tentative suggestion which was spurned by the judge—a notoriously irritable man who'd already placed the worst interpretation on the defendant's attitude. After the verdict, the action of the Medical authorities was inevitable.

The question which had leapt dazlingly into Brenda's mind had never been answered. For that matter, never asked. Or had there, she wondered, been an answer in the newspaper announcement of Doreen Rodd's suicide from an overdose of drugs? Perhaps Doreen had stolen the cocaine, and Miles had shielded her with his silence. Or had she persuaded him to supply her, and had he attempted a cure by reduced doses?

Perhaps she would never know the truth. That belonged to a part of Miles which wasn't owned by her, and never could be. And, thinking about Gilbert's presence at the farm and the threat in it, it occurred to her that the Miles she knew was a farmer in Africa. Miles the doctor, was a being concealed.

It was to the farmer she owed her loyalty. She must protect him from all things appertaining to his old, hidden self. But how? She looked across to the hard line of the ridge, barren in the pitiless sunlight, and found no answer.

MILES was later than she'd expected. The lamps were already lit when she heard his car, and the clattering of unloaded equipment. Gilbert, sitting in a chair, chin buried in the folds of his neck, looked up sharply.

"Will this be him?" he demanded.

Brenda, hearing the familiar, tired steps coming towards the house, nodded.

Gilbert expelled his breath noisily.

"This will be a surprise for him," he said, a note of uneasiness in his voice.

"Do you imagine you'll be welcome?" she asked coldly.

Before he could answer, the door was opened and Miles stood there. His tall, rather thin body tensed. Brenda rose and said: "You see, we've a visitor, Miles."

Her words seemed to go straight past him and to escape into the night, thinning out into silence. Miles stepped forward and placed his hands, grimed with work, on the table. Gilbert uncrossed his legs and leaned forward, hands on the arms of his chair.

"Hello, Miles. I expect I'm the last person you'd expect to see."

"Or wish," said Miles quietly.

Gilbert indulged in the luxury of a heavy sigh. "Don't take it so hard," he urged. "All of that trouble belongs to yesterday, and neither of us is the same man that he was yesterday. I'd like nothing better than to go back and do some of the things I left undone." He tapped his chest. "I'd feel better. Inside."

Miles shrugged. "That doesn't mean much to me," he said. There was a weariness in his

voice. He sounded like a man who wanted to be left alone. That, Brenda thought, was his weakness. And Gilbert had spotted it. Not that he gave any sign; but she knew that the knowledge was a fresh strand inside the spider-web of his brain. His thoughts would start spinning backwards and forwards over it, combining it in a subtle pattern.

But Gilbert said: "I suppose not. Maybe I can explain better a bit later. Give you time to get over the surprise of seeing me."

Miles seemed to become conscious of the dirt on his hands. He moved them from the table, away from the brightest ring of light immediately under the lamp. "Why are you here?" he asked.

"Let's leave that for the moment," Gilbert suggested. "You're tired, and I expect you're hungry as well. What about after the meal?"

There was a bitter note in Miles's: "Wanting to keep me in suspense, eh?"

"You're hard," Gilbert complained wheezily. He seemed suddenly to lose patience, for he cried: "I'm not hounding you man!"

"I can't imagine any other reason for your call," said Miles slowly.

"Well, there is one. A business reason. There! Will that satisfy you?"

Miles didn't reply. He turned round and went out, with the same tired step as when he'd come in. Brenda waited a few seconds. Gilbert's head sank, and he seemed to be drowsing. So, as there was nothing to be learned from him, she left him. After giving orders to M'Pishi about the meal, she returned and met her husband in the passage.

"I couldn't send him away," she whispered.

"Of course not." He placed a hand on her shoulder; but she felt that he did it to draw strength from her, rather than to give encouragement.

"Don't let him beat you, darling," she pleaded. And was disappointed when he didn't answer her. Instead, he went into the room and selected a chair which was as far as possible from Gilbert. Brenda wanted to study the situation; but her attention was diverted because she had to supervise M'Pishi, who was bringing in the food.

It was a quiet, strained meal, with little snatches of talk which only threw the silences into greater emphasis. Once, Gilbert said: "You seem to have a large place here."

And Miles answered: "Farms are larger. You need a thousand acres if you're to have anything of a living."

Later, Gilbert said: "You'd do better with modern machinery."

"Naturally," Miles told him. "But it's costly—especially having to bring it so far."

Gilbert said: "Yes, that's where capital comes into it. Now if you had a backer with plenty of ready money. . . ."

But Miles cut him short: "I prefer working on my own."

Gilbert was determined not to quarrel. "You always were independent," he agreed. After that, talk died again until the meal was finished and M'Pishi had cleared away. Then Gilbert fumbled for a leather case and took out a cigar.

"Care for one?" he invited.

"I'll use my pipe, thanks," Miles answered.

There was another silence, and Brenda felt her nerves tensing under it. Watching Gilbert lighting his cigar, she knew that he was ready to speak. She wished that Miles would seize the initiative, and demand his business. But Miles gave no sign. He was a man who'd braced himself, and was waiting for the blow.

Gilbert's small eyes watched a cloud of smoke. They pierced it and looked shrewdly through the haze at Miles. "Ever met Gomez Paez?" he asked.

Miles shook his head. "I haven't," he said. There was a little more confidence in his voice, as if he was on ground firmer than he'd expected.

"He's a Portuguese trader. From Beira. By all accounts he gets around; goes as far north as Ethiopia and the old Italian colonies. Coming out, I had word from him at Massawa."

"I've never heard of him," Miles said.

"But that doesn't mean anything. I don't get around much. This place suits me."

Gilbert wobbled his head, as if in agreement. "Why should you? It's different for me. I'm for ever on the move." He added, vaguely: "Business interests."

"Go on," said Miles. "What about this Paez fellow?"

Brenda thought, with a rush of thankfulness: He's over the shock of it. He'll fight Gilbert now, if it's necessary.

"There's not much about him. But what there is explains why I've looked you up. Of course, there was the other reason that I was anxious to bury the past. I should have helped. It's worried me that I didn't. There were business reasons, which seemed adequate at the time. They don't now. Not looking back."

"The past doesn't belong here," said Miles. Brenda saw his hand tightening on the bowl of his pipe.

"Let's leave it," Gilbert said. "No sense in recalling it, is there?" He paused. Then, as there was no reply, he went on: "This Paez business. I'll not trouble you with details; they're rather involved. But I've an interest in some concessions over the border from here."

"Ethiopia?"

"Yes. North-east of Lake Rudolf. It's rather a mess—with others sharing the concessions. I don't know yet which way to act. Paez has the information which will make all the difference to my decision. He's ready to talk." He gave a throaty chuckle, and added: "For a consideration."

"I don't see where I come in. I don't know the man, so I can't tell you anything of value."

"It isn't that," said Gilbert. He puffed away at his cigar. Then he lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. "I don't want the others to know that I'm seeing Paez."

For the first time, Miles sounded aggressive. "You haven't altered much. You always liked to go in for things knowing a bit more than anybody else."

"That's business, isn't it?" Gilbert sounded injured.

"Perhaps it is. I've never claimed to understand the ethics of business. But go on, don't let me interrupt."

"It means," said Gilbert, "that I shall have to slip away quietly for this meeting with Paez. Any hint of it reaching the others who are interested in the concession would ruin my plans. If I can pull this business off, I shall make one of my biggest coups. I'll make it worth your while to help me."

Miles gave an impatient flick of his hand. "I prefer to earn my money," he said.

Gilbert stared, and his cigar went out; but he didn't seem aware of it. His face puckered into frowns. "It isn't much," he said, persuasively. "There's a South African named Steibelt. He's of German extraction and he's a doctor—of sorts. I've made careful inquiries on that score. He hasn't been in practice for years, and he was never brilliant. He represents the other party in this concession business, and he's on his way to meet me—coming to Nairobi." He hesitated. "Miles," he went on slowly, "he must find me a sick man. Once he's satisfied that I'm out of action he'll rush back to Durban, contact the others and try to take advantage of the position. That's just what I want. With him up here, I can't see Paez without my game being discovered."

Miles nodded his head slowly. "As full of tricks as ever, Gilbert, eh?"

"You may call it that. I regard it as business. If they could cut my throat they would."

"I still don't see where I can help you."

Gilbert re-lit his cigar. His eyes narrowed. "You were brilliant as a doctor. When you crashed, you weren't the only loser—the medical world lost, too. This is what I want. When Steibelt comes to Nairobi he'll be told I'm up here. You'll be able to talk to him—say just the right medical things—flatter him a little—persuade him into a diagnosis. You can give me drugs—or something like that—which will fake (Continued on page 69)



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the symptoms. There's a big thing in your favour—you'll be suggesting the very thing he wants. He'll be delighted to feel that I'm safely out of the way."

Miles shook his head. He spoke very quietly. "It's no good, Gilbert. I'm not going to do a thing like that."

"What do you lose? I've told you I'm prepared to pay handsomely. This is going to be a big deal. You can have the capital to invest in machinery for your farm, without the hindrance of a partner controlling the money."

Miles shook his head again. But Gilbert didn't give up. Brenda, listening and watching, was reminded of purposeful waves beating against a stubborn rock. At first, Gilbert seemed to think that Miles was being smart, sticking out for the highest possible price. When he found that he was mistaken in this, he became angry. And, suddenly, he flung out a threat.

"Are you sure you can afford to defy me? Don't forget that I'm the one man in Kenya who knows your story. Suppose I whisper a few words over a drink in the hotel? Gossip out here travels like a bush fire, I'm told. What then?"

Miles went white. For some minutes he didn't reply, then he said quietly: "Do you gain anything by that?"

"No; but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that you've gone the same way as all the others who've tried to stand out against me. Don't be a fool, Miles. The whip's in my hand." The wheezy voice rose. "And I swear I'll use it if you stay stubborn."

Brenda stared at Gilbert in revulsion. She felt that he was like a bloated, obscene insect and she wanted to stamp on him and crush the life out of him. Stamp and stamp in a frenzy of loathing. Perhaps Gilbert sensed this antagonism, for he moved slowly in his chair to stare at her.

"You'd suffer, too," he said. "I'd be sorry about that—after the way you stood by Miles in his trouble. He owes you something, for that."

"He owes nothing!" she snapped. "But that's something you couldn't understand. It's too far above you."

His small lips tightened. "That won't help you," he said. "I've been insulted before—and dealt with it in the final reckoning." His tone changed again, soft and wheezily persuading: "Come, Miles, there's no sense in quarrelling. Let's forget these hot words and go into it calmly. I've no wish to make things hard for you. I'm not asking much."

From Sinner To Saint (Continued from page 20)

toad can flick its tongue to a distance of some four inches (depending on the size of the toad), the journey there and back taking less than one-fifteenth of a second.

Once inside its mouth, the toad crushes the victim with its tongue against its mouth-roof and eyeballs, for it has no teeth. Then it closes its mouth, shuts its green-gold eyes, and the world is rid of another caterpillar. The reason for the eye-shutting is that a toad's eyes have no bony sockets, but are held in place by muscles which contract when the animal swallows, pulling the eyes down out of sight. This cannot happen when the toad drinks, for it drinks through its skin and not through its mouth.

Scientists have experimented to try and prove just how much a toad can eat. One toad ate 300 flies in half an hour; another consumed mosquitoes at fifty a minute; a third despatched thirty-five mealworms at one sitting and expanded until its stomach was one sixth the size of its total volume! A paradoxical state of affairs, indeed, for toads can live for considerable periods without any food at all, and one toad emerged alive after being buried in a jar beneath the earth for two years. Indeed, the toad fasts in hibernation for five or six months of every year of its life.

Apart, however, from the considerable periods for which it can fast, the toad is extremely tenacious of life. It can be frozen until its limbs are stiff as sticks, and providing the condition does not persist for too long, the

The Covered Man

"You're asking me to go down to your level," Miles told him.

"Can you talk? You've been down." Miles shook his head. "I didn't betray myself," he said, very quietly.

"It's past history. We can't go into that. This thing's simple enough. There's no difficulty, no risk. You don't have to claim to be a doctor when Steibelt comes. You're just a farmer with a little medical knowledge. I can tell you just how to handle him."

Miles shook his head again, then tensed in his chair. Brenda was listening, too. The dull beating of a horse's hoofs on the hard ground. Gilbert was the last to hear it. His assurance drained from him, and the cigar shook in his hand so that the ash dropped down making a grey stain on his trousers.

"If this is Steibelt," he said hoarsely, "not a word to him. Not a word, Miles!"

Brenda stood up. "I'll go," she said. She had the door open as the horseman leapt down and leapt up the veranda steps. As he came into the light, she felt her breath going out in a sigh of untensing strain. For it was no stranger. It was Kirk Frant.

"Your husband?" he gasped. "In there," she said, mechanically. And, slowly, she realized that Frant was a man in distress. "What's wrong?" she asked.

But he was already in the room, and the words were tumbling out. "My car's broken down. Must get to Nairobi. It's little Martin."

Brenda remembered. Gilbert had said there was sickness.

"Can I have your car?" Frant asked. Very slowly, Miles stood up. His voice seemed to come from far away, with a dignity which Brenda had never heard before. "Frant," he said. "I'm a doctor. I was struck off and imprisoned for a drug offence—but I'm still a doctor. I'll come back with you."

Looking across the room, Brenda saw Gilbert's face go grey and old. His cheeks seemed to sag, and into his eyes there came a lost, bewildered look. Her glance turned swiftly to Miles. She'd never seen him hold himself quite so erect before, and there was a new, calm firmness on his voice. "I'll get my instruments."

And the knowledge came to her that Miles was not going out to a neighbouring farm, he was going out into the world from which he had once fled.

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it to our attention, this cure is reputed to have been taken by the ill-famed Caesar Borgia!

However, twentieth-century science has established that neither of the poisons emitted by the toad is harmful to man. In fact, small quantities of toad venom taken under medical supervision are said to have a stimulation and tonic effect on the human heart, circulation and nervous system. The poisons are, above all, meant to serve the toad itself by causing a burning and irritant sensation in the mouth of an enemy attempting to bite or swallow it.

The beliefs about the magical properties of the toad have generally declined in recent years, and the animal has taken its rightful place as gardener's ally and farmer's friend. Particularly is this so in the West Indies, where special farms have been set up for breeding giant toads, after they had rid the sugar plantations of root-destroying grubs for which purpose no chemical destructor was reliable.

In spite of this change of heart towards the harmless toad, however, there are many folk who feel repulsion at the sight of the animal or at the feel of its clammy skin. But at least the days are past when crusades were planned for its extermination and most of the myths about its evil doings have been exploded.

Even the one romantic-sounding allusion to the golden pebble in the toad's head has been proved a fable. These "toadstones" were apparently the cure-all of medieval days. One writer says, "It hath very great force against malignant tumours that are venomous. They are used to heat it in a bag, and to lay it hot, without anything between, to the naked body, and to rub the affected place with it. They say it prevails against enchantments of witches, especially for women and children bewitched. So soon as you apply it to one bewitched it sweats many drops. In the plague it is laid against the heart to strengthen it." So highly were these stones valued that they were mounted in finger-rings which are preserved in museums to this day. How disappointed our ancestors would have been to know that their wonderful "toadstone" charms were in reality the teeth of fossilized fish, white in life but coloured by the rock in which they had been embedded. Surely a fish-tooth could never have the same charm as a "toadstone"? Who knows!

END

Who Owns Britain?

(Continued from page 16)

parcelling of agricultural land into smaller owner-occupied units. The very large and large farm is on the decrease; the farm of between fifty and a hundred acres is on the increase.

The increase in the farmer freeholder has been due, in part, to methods adopted by large landowners when forced to sell to meet death duties. There are families of farmers who have farmed the same land as tenants from father to son for generations, and generally with the most cordial relations with the proprietor.

When forced to sell, most of these big landowners give their tenant farmers a chance to buy the freehold. This has been the policy of the Duke of Sutherland. His estates, still vast, have shrunk notably during the past forty years—from 1,350,000 in 1913 to their present 350,000 acres.

It was this great landowner, by the way, who gave away 12,000 acres to ex-servicemen with foreign service records.

The small farm to-day is attracting large numbers of people with limited capital for a complex of reasons among which are discernible that chronic malaise of the Englishman, land hunger, the relative security of the farming way of life under present conditions, and the growing recognition of the advantages of close relationship to the source of food supplies in a world of shortages and threatened famine.

THE processes that have determined the ownership of land in Britain have been as often historical as political, as in the case of the small farmer to-day.

Land hunger was a characteristic of the thirteenth century. There then existed a surplus of agricultural labour over available agricultural land. The Black Death, which moved out of Asia across Europe, reached our shores in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, reversing the order of supply and demand in this matter. There were not enough labourers for the available cultivated land.

Land hunger returned only when nature had succeeded in recouping the decimation of the plague; that was two centuries later.

THE above is an example of the historical factor in the evolution of ownership of our land. The greatest single political factor belongs to our own time. Because it is little understood (until encountered) the Town and Country Planning Act, which virtually abolishes the freehold, or free simple, as it has been for many centuries, has gone on the Statute Book without more than a stirring of the legal waters.

Yet this Act, one of the vastest and most complicated ever to pass through Parliament, by transferring to the State all increment in land values, and by penalizing the landowner, small or large, for improvements due to his work, initiative and enterprise, puts in motion the brake that must inevitably retard and impede much private enterprise.

Along with this Act comes the tremendous increase of powers over land management placed by it in the hands of county and district councils.

It may be too early to predict the shape of things to come where Britain's fair land is concerned. But a shadow is already discernible.

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Britain's First Television Stars (Continued from page 15)

circle, and so gives that intimacy and those delicate nuances which make perfect "drawing-room theatre." Her contribution to television drama is going to be long remembered.

FOR the outstanding personal contribution to television each year, a medal is awarded by the British Television Society. Last year, it went to Algernon Blackwood for the unique spell he casts, sitting in an armchair telling viewers weird and delightfully impromptu stories.

Blackwood is eighty, and fiction though they be, his stories spring from a long, bizarre and adventurous life. His artistry all but mesmerizes the viewers, and is a gift which was of considerable surprise to himself. After a trial story, he could not believe that the B.B.C. was not throwing money away in offering him a contract for more. He has told dozens, and still thinks the B.B.C. a little mad to go on renewing the contract.

He has no rehearsal. He does not know what story he will tell, until he works one out, walking from Wood Green underground station up the long hill to Alexandra Palace. At eighty!

Blackwood had, of course, broadcast in sound radio; and one other sound radio personality to win a place among television stars is Richard Dimbleby. He quickly learned that the television commentator has to be guide to the viewer, and visibly-liked friend to all men.

Viewers find him pleasing among all types and classes of men on their screen, and his special niche is a feature, "London Town," depicting past and present London life.

Dimbleby's secret is a natural *bonhomie*, coupled with a sensitive assessment both of occasion and character. Again, it is sincerity, widely divorced from either the patronizing manner, or the smart one, which wins viewers' affection.

IT is, however, the children who have made the most phenomenal television star of them all. They have turned a puppet mule into a British celebrity. Muffin the Mule, idol of their own television programmes, is featured in story books, song albums and on gramophone records. No doubt he will give his name to nursery furniture, toys and baby soap, because he is certainly television's biggest commercial treasure—for his sponsors.

He is sponsored by Annette Mills and Ann Hogarth. Miss Mills, sister of John Mills, does the piano act in which Muffin plays pranks on the piano top. For his pains, Muffin receives a parcel fan-mail—of carrots, bran, linseed and sugar lumps.

Ann Hogarth, the puppeteer who pulls Muffin's strings, bought him for fifteen shillings from a Punch and Judy man. Annette Mills chose him for a very tentative children's programme experiment. Now, even the highest B.B.C. chief dare not remove him.

GLAMOUR has attached itself to the three television announcers: MacDonald Hobley, who left the stage for television; Mary Malcolm, granddaughter of Lily Langtry, and married to Sir Basil Bartlett; and Sylvia Peters, once a soubrette and dancer in Coliseum Theatre musicals. But it is in the more open programme opportunities, away from the announcers' restricted routine, that television is building a new gallery of fireside celebrities.

END

Strange Rivers Of The North (Continued from page 35)

the weed-choked channels seawards. Springs will bubble forth in all kinds of unexpected places, causing widespread floods. The chief of these gypsies (a word signifying "geyser") is the Gypsy Race. It rises at Wharrah and then takes a winding course via Burton Fleming, Rudston and Boynton to the sea at Bridlington Quay.

For centuries the appearance of the "Woe Waters," as they are called at their worst, have been considered prophetic of some national calamity. Bygone chroniclers such as William of Newburgh and Defoe linked the Woe Waters with famine and plague. And local records show that the Gypsy Race suddenly began to flow in the year of the Great Plague (1665), just before the Restoration and—to come to modern times—immediately prior to the two World Wars and to the Abdication of Edward VIII.

Implicit in such superstitions is a lingering belief in the river deities our remote forefathers held in fear, or veneration.

The Romans dedicated the River Wharfe to Verbeiae, and one of several altars erected in her honour still stands in the grounds of a modern monastic settlement, Myddleton Lodge, high above the river, near Ilkley. Verbeiae seems to have been highly esteemed as a goddess of healing, for at several points the Wharfe is swelled by "curative" spring waters.

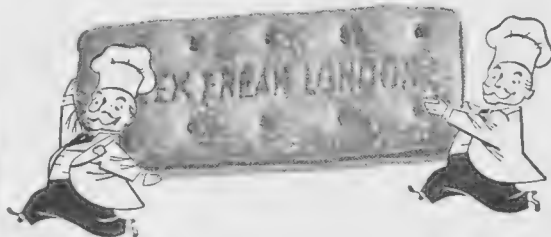
The Tees had a malicious deity, sometimes referred to, even to-day, as Peg Fowler. Great masses of foam that swirl down-stream from those magnificent waterfalls, Cauldron Snout and High Force, are called Peg Fowler's Suds, the sight of which, it is said, has often in bygone days by some strange fascination lured men to their destruction. The reputed abode of this god is that massive crag which divides the waters as they toss over the seventy-eight feet (Continued on page 74)

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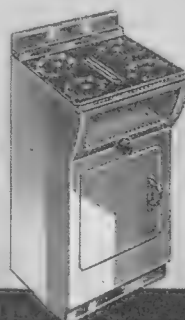
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Strange Rivers Of The North

high precipice at High Force—a crag known as "the Palace of the Genius of the River."

Romanico seems to have controlled the lower reaches of the Tees. A crude figure carved in stone, now erected on the south wall of Croft Church, near Darlington, is thought to represent this Roman deity. The stone was unearthed some years ago in the churchyard, and as the site was probably occupied by a pagan church in Roman times, it appears likely that this image of Romanico was originally set up on the riverside temple to placate its prototype.

The ancient Greek poets usually represented their river gods as dignified old men with flowing locks and beards. It was a tribute to their longevity. The tradition has been followed in modern representations of the River Tyne's tutelary god; a fine specimen, carved in wood, decorates the front of Strawberry House, Leazes Park Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and a firm of Newcastle silversmiths uses the same device as an artistic motif on its products.

Another river god lives on in the name by which north countrymen refer to the tidal bore on the River Trent. They call it the Aegre. It is the name of one of their tempestuous deities which the invading Norsemen conferred upon this "foreign" river that proved such a convenient highway for their dragon-prowed craft, over 1,000 years ago. Perhaps the name was applied when the Trent bore first upset their craft!

END

The Wordsworth Centenary

(Continued from page 33)

Cottle of Bristol published the volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, which ends the "Lines Written Above Tintern Abbey," the well-known poem composed in one day when William and Dorothy visited Chepstow and Tintern. The ordinary individual finds the Valley of the Wye beautiful to-day; how must it not have impressed such a mind 150 years ago. A Cistercian foundation, founded in 1131, its very remoteness saved such ruins from the fate of less happier dissolved abbeys.

A short visit to Germany and then followed residence in the Lake District. Wordsworth's appreciation of this lovely land is expressed in his *Guide to the Lakes*. He made his home at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, from 1802 to 1808 and the flower-decked little house is preserved to-day as near as possible as it was in the poet's time. Here came such famous visitors as De Quincy, Charles Lamb, the faithful Coleridge; especially the latter, whose family often stayed for months. So Wordsworth returned to the scenes he knew as a child: his first recollections were of Derwentwater and Skiddaw; his first schooldays were at Hawkeshead when eight years old. There is scarcely a mile of ground over which he did not wander amidst the Lakes. The route from Rydal to Ullswater is studded with poetic allusions: the famous "Daffodils" danced beneath the trees on the shores of Further Gowbarrow.

The poet married Mary Hutchinson of Penrith in 1802, and such was her sympathy to poetry that two of the best-known lines in the "Daffodils" are attested by William to be her work:

"They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Sister continued in company with brother and the three often wandered together over the hills. Here is an extract from Dorothy's diary:

"When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water side. As we went along there were more, and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them; some rested their heads on the stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily danced with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing."

Three sons and two daughters graced the marriage and a bigger home became necessary. Two moves brought the family to the Parsonage, Grasmere, in 1811, and then to Rydal Mount, the poet's last and favourite abode in 1813. Altered somewhat since Wordsworth's day, it looks southwards, on the rocky side of Nab Scar, above Rydal Lake. Through Lord Lonsdale's interest, the poet was appointed to the distributorship of stamps for Westmorland and Cumberland, and this addition to his income attended to his increased expenditure.

Visitors to Rydal Mount included Southey (from Keswick); Dr. Arnold of Rugby School who lived nearby at Fox How; Hartley Coleridge, De Quincy, and other interesting people less famous. So Wordsworth settled down to write in the last phase of his life. "We Are Seven" inspired by an unusual grave in the churchyard at Cony, North Wales; "Evening Ode," composed on an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty, extolling a lovely sunset in 1818; and much else besides.

In 1831 the poet took his daughter to visit Sir Walter Scott, then ill in health at Abbotswood and wrote of their excursion to the Yarrow. Southey died in 1843, and the Poet Laureateship was offered to Wordsworth. He declined the honour but Sir Robert Peel persuaded him to accept "as a tribute of respect which is justly due to the first of living poets." This plea overcame the aged poet's scruples and he filled with silent dignity the post for the seven years until his death.

On April 23, the day on which Shakespeare was born and died, William Wordsworth passed peacefully away, aged eighty, buried as he wished in Grasmere churchyard.

END

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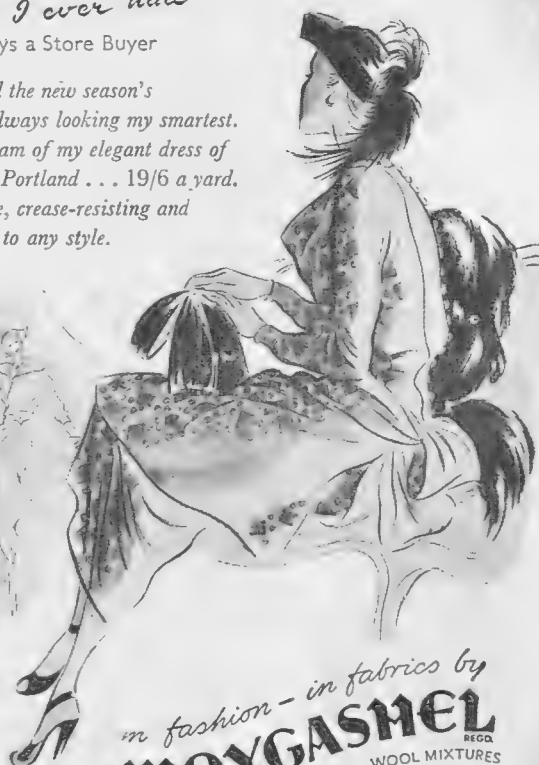
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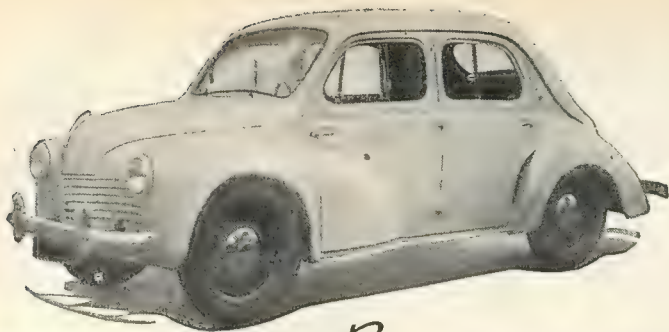
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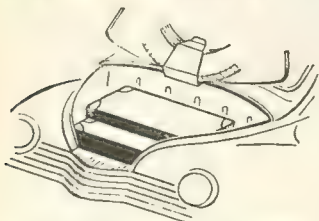
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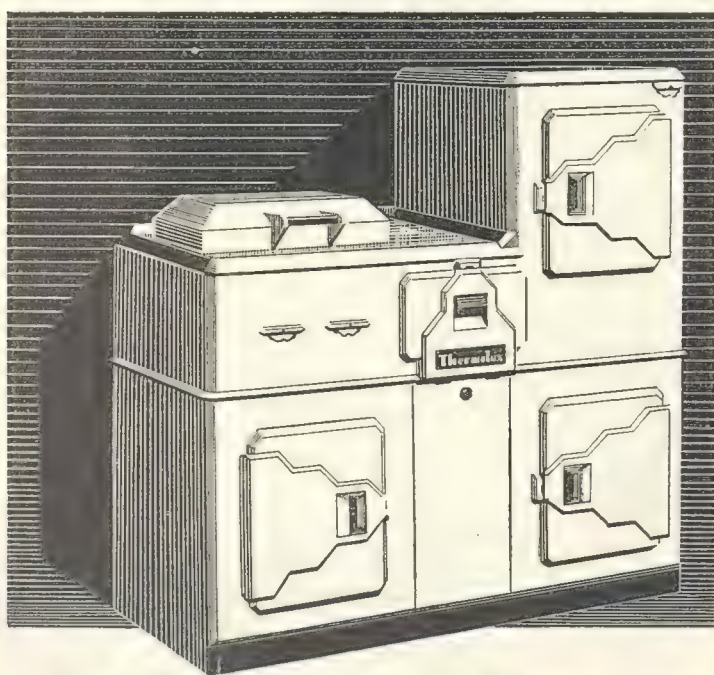
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The Loneliest Boy In The World

(Continued from page 25)

can best be clarified as follows: The Dalai Lama who lives in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, is fifteen years of age. He is supposed to be one of the two living reincarnations of Buddha; the other one, the tenth reincarnation, is the claimant. He is a twelve-year-old boy called the Panchen Lama and he is "somewhere in China." It is a toss up which of these two boys has the better claim to the title of: "The Loneliest Boy in the World."

The full name of the claimant is Pan-Chen-Kin-po-che, meaning the Precious Great Sage; it is claimed that he is the reincarnation of the Buddha of Boundless Light. Until the advance of the Chinese Communist Army, Panchen as we will call him for short, lived in the strictest seclusion in a Buddhist monastery at Kumbum in Chinghai province in north-west China.

The boy Lama's day begins at 4 a.m.—it did when he was in the monastery, as it does now, when he is a refugee. All day long the boy is made to study the Tibetan scriptures, with two tutors. One of them is an old monk named Jing-mei-Ja-sso, who was brought from the famous monastery at Labrang. The second tutor, named Jah-yah is one of the famous so-called Living Buddhas. The Regent, the seventy-four-year-old Lo-Ch'ang-chien-chan, lives in the same monastery as the Panchen Lama, whom he visits every day and reports on the meetings of his council which consists of non-priests and whose interests are not spiritual but political.

The Panchen Lama's predecessor and his followers fled from Tibet to China in 1924; eleven years later he started on a journey to return to Tibet, but while passing through Chinghai province he died mysteriously. There were strong allegations that he had been poisoned. There came then the age-old ceremony of choosing a successor. First a search was made to find babies who had been born at the moment the Panchen Lama died. Three male children were found, one in Tibet and two born in Chinghai province. The babies were taken to the Kumbum monastery and were there sat down together and given the rosary, hat and cloak of the dead Panchen Lama. The one that showed the most interest in the personal possessions of the dead Lama was declared to be his reincarnation and consequently the tenth reincarnation of Buddha.

The chosen child has grown to be a bright-looking and seemingly intelligent lad, but those who have had audiences with him say that their questions put to him were not answered by the Panchen Lama but by the Regent or by one of the Elders of the Council who are always grouped round him.

When an audience was granted, the visitor was instructed to present Panchen with a blue scarf. Panchen then handed the visitor a similar scarf, possibly one presented by a former visitor.

Panchen was found seated on a low throne; overhead were highly coloured panels showing scenes from the life of the Tibetan reformer Tsong-ka-pa who lived in the locality in the fourteenth century and who was the founder of the Yellow Sect of Buddhists.

When the audiences are finished, or when Panchen is allowed a short break from his long hours study of the Tibetan scriptures, he is allowed a run in the garden at the back of the monastery. He is not allowed any playmates; all the persons with whom he comes in daily contact are old, old men.

The only companions Panchen has are three birds in a cage and a Tibetan terrier named Sin-ju (Little Lion).

The Panchen Lama and the Regent were pawns in the hands of Chiang Kai-Shek who used the twelve-year-old Lama in order to try and increase Chinese influence in Tibet. Then Chiang Kai-Shek and the Chinese Nationalists were deposed by the Communists. The Communist Army advanced into Chinghai province, Panchen and the Regent fled westwards. Their present whereabouts in China are not known, but the Communist broadcast from Peking shows that Panchen and the Regent have made their peace with the Communists and the twelve-year-old boy who was formerly the puppet of the Chinese Nationalists is now the puppet of the Chinese Communists. And now let us go over to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet and see what is happening there.

The Tibetan capital is more easily approached from India than from China, so perhaps, for the time being at least, the leaders of Tibet are less fearful of the approach of the Chinese Communists than they would otherwise be; it is one thing for them to hold Panchen in their power, but quite another to attempt the military conquest of Tibet.

The fifteen-year-old Dalai Lama comes of age in three years' time; then, in principle, this other lonely lad will assume full power, but at present, in Lhasa as in Chinghai or wherever the Panchen is at present, there is a Regent. This Regent of Tibet has recently been in contact with the U.S.A. which is rapidly occupying in Asia the place that used to be Great Britain's, and is reported to have asked for arms to "modernize" the Tibetan Army, at present an undisciplined rabble of between eight and ten thousand men.

The lonely lad of Lhasa leads a life closely akin to that of his rival who is three years his junior, but in Lhasa the Regent prevents any approach to the Dalai Lama who is supposed to be the fourteenth reincarnation of Buddha; incidentally, the Dalai Lama was also born in Chinghai. None disputes the claim to holiness of the twelve-year-old Panchen Lama and indeed, in spiritual matters he is held to have far greater authority than the slightly older Dalai Lama.

The situation in Tibet is further complicated by the fact that there is yet another Dalai Lama, known as Dalai Lama Vajradhara, meaning the All Embracing Lama, Holder of the Thunderbolt. He is the temporal ruler of Tibet and is also supposed

(Continued on page 78)

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The Loneliest Boy In The World

to be a reincarnation of Buddha, of the "mercy form" of the founder of the Buddhist religion. He, too, lives in Lhasa, but not in a monastery.

Lhasa is both the Tibetan capital and the Holy City. The business quarter or trading centre, which is small is a suburb of Lhasa, and is called Lushar. In 1948, after the transfer of power in India, the British Trading Mission which had been in Lhasa for fourteen years, was withdrawn. Until then, British cigarettes, cosmetics and patent medicines were always obtainable in Lushar.

The Tibetans, however, desired good relations with Great Britain, and after the withdrawal of the British Mission, a Tibetan Trading Mission went to London, where some of its members are still to be found. Often about lunchtime, a member of the Mission, in picturesque Tibetan costume, may be seen walking down the Strand.

In Lhasa, at this writing there is a "permanent" Chinese Mission, but this Mission was appointed by the Chinese National Government whose writ no longer runs; any day now, the Chinese Communist Government may demand its recall and insist on replacing it by a Chinese Communist Mission, and then there would be a pretty kettle of fish.

As matters stand, the twelve-year-old Panchen is pro-Chinese and the fifteen-year-old Dalai Lama is anti-Chinese; in point of fact it is open to doubt, very much so, whether either boy knows much about the pros or the cons of the matter. Boiled down, the matter really resolves itself into a question of power politics.

The anti-Chinese policy which the lad of Lhasa has to follow came about because of what happened in Tibet in 1910. Then the Chinese sent a military expedition into Tibet and the Dalai Lama of the day, he was the thirteenth incarnation, fled to India. Ever since then the policy of the Dalai Lama party has been anti-Chinese.

No census has ever been taken in Tibet, and there are many guesses as to how many Tibetans there are in the world; guesses run from two to nine million! The fact of the matter is that in Tibet proper there are probably between three and four millions, but there are possibly as many again in the Chinese provinces adjacent to Tibet, and particularly in Chinghai which comes so often into our story. Here there are many Tibetan monks, but with the years the number has been declining. In Sining, the capital of Chinghai, there is an enormous Prayer Hall capable of holding 3,500 monks and pilgrims. Once upon a time, well within living memory, the Hall was filled every day, but visitors from Europe who have been to Sining within the past two years say that nowadays not more than 1,000 attend daily.

The truth is that the population of Tibet is falling. The country is ravaged by venereal disease. So far as other aspects of Tibet are concerned, it may well be that a not distant future holds in store a struggle for power between temporal and spiritual forces, for it is generally agreed that the power of the monks is declining.

This then is Tibet, the country for whose mastery two boys are candidates. It would be difficult to know to which one, the fifteen-year-old Dalai Lama or the twelve-year-old Panchen Lama one should award the title of the Loneliest Boy in the World.

END

Stalin Came To London

(Continued from page 28)

quarters of the City? Did he walk in the parks, or stroll down Whitehall? What contacts was he, who spoke no English, able to make with Englishmen in that May of 1907? One wonders how far he bases his present views of England and its people on his experiences then, and if he pictures modern London as it was in Edwardian days—with its highlights of gaiety and depths of sordidness, its contrasts of wealth and poverty. All these things it would be interesting—and even important—to know.

Events that Stalin (Ivanovitch was a name assumed for his visit) might have seen headlined or heard discussed—he would have needed an interpreter—in those spring weeks of 1907, were King Edward VII's exchange of visits with the French President in Paris; his reception of the Colonial Premiers at Buckingham Palace; the record-breaking forty-six minute Channel crossing of the turbine steamer *Victoria*; the final session in London of the Imperial Conference; the three-wicket defeat of the M.C.C. by the South Africans at Lord's; the much-ridiculed banning of *The Mikado* during the visit of a Japanese prince. Whether Stalin knew or cared about such things we cannot say. What is certain is that none of them had the significance for the world of the deliberations that went on meanwhile behind the doors of the Brotherhood Church.

Soho is a few miles from Stepney, but one wonders again if Stalin made a point of looking up, in London's other foreign quarter, the old haunts of his party's mentor, Karl Marx. The author of *Das Kapital* had then been dead twenty-four years. He had come to London in 1849, not as a conference delegate, but as a political exile, hounded from Paris, Brussels and Cologne for his revolutionary opinions. Meaning to stay a month or so, he was here for thirty-four years, until his death in 1883.

For much of this time Marx lived with his family in squalid poverty, first in Chelsea, then off Leicester Square, and then in wretched lodgings in Dean Street, Soho. Happier among books than men, he spent his days in the British Museum reading-room and half his nights in study and writing, seeing few people beyond the small circle of fellow exiles with whom he was intimate. He made a precarious living by journalism, eked out by loans and by small donations from his friend Engels; but often the money ran so short the family was reduced to a diet of bread and potatoes. Preferable, no doubt, to the persecution and imprisonment that he would (Continued on page 81)



The highlights of this
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brown pilot, princess blue, burnt oak brown, navy

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Stalin Came To London

have faced on the Continent, it was still a miserable existence, only improved a little in his later years.

Even though he was recognized before his death as the founder of a great new international movement Marx never got the public acclaim of the other revolutionaries who came to London in those decades. He never caught the people's imagination as did patriots like Kossuth, Mazzini and Garibaldi, who were feted by society and cheered in London's streets. But if personal popularity eluded him while he was alive, as the author of Communism's text-book he had a lion's share of posthumous fame.

One of England's most engaging exiles was Voltaire. His three years here endeared him to England and the English to him; and he wrote, as a result of his stay, his, *lettres Philosophiques*, which have become a classic description of English life.

Not politics, but an unfortunate quarrel with a French nobleman, caused Voltaire to come to England. He was thirty-two when, in 1726, he first set foot in London. Arriving on the King's birthday (which also happened to be Whit Monday) he was delighted to see Greenwich *en fête* and a colourful royal procession going down the Thames. This first sight of English pageantry impressed him very favourably; and his subsequent introductions to literary circles, to high society and to solid middle-class families gave him an insight into English life that he valued. The unlucky bankruptcy of his banker left him extremely poor and he had cause to be grateful for the generosity of his English friends. But what struck this shrewd and observant Frenchman most about England was the freedom of its life and institutions, and of this atmosphere of liberty he never ceased to be an admirer.

These are only a few of the great body of revolutionaries, exiles and political figures who have, in their time, come to London. Of them all, none has achieved greater power than young Mr. Ivanovitch. Now it is sometimes suggested that, as Stalin, leader of the Russian people, he should come to London again. If there were any chance that such a visit would improve international understanding, then, to be sure, London would welcome him.

END

Something For Nothing

(Continued from page 27)

further money I may earn in their country."

For a moment I thought he was actually not quite sane. "Do you really mean," I said at last, "that you own no property, copyrights, or liquid assets of any kind, and don't intend to earn any more?" He merely nodded cheerfully. "But the community? You brought in £11,000 to us every year!"

"I know," he said. "Wasn't it silly of me?"

I told him he should be ashamed to live on charity when he could support himself, to which he replied: "Not on charity, on other mugs like I once was. Why work when you can be supported? Luckily my tastes have always been simple. And my weak heart prevents me being put on any harder work here than light gardening—which was always my hobby. Being idle, as long as you don't mind a lower standard of living, is one of the few things a man is still free to do in this country."

"Supposing," I said severely, to cover my complete bewilderment, "everyone who was earning good money did as you do?"

"That," he replied, "I leave you to work out."

And there, Mr. Ponder, the matter rests. I don't see that anything can be done about it—except to keep it quiet. That's what comes of allowing private enterprise.

END

Books

(Continued from page 36)

in which those principles were framed. It should help convince politicians with a hunch for converting jungle into peanut paradise that Empire development is a job for professional—if despised—Empire Builders and not amateurs with unlimited money and theories but little practical sense.

INTIMATE home-photographs of the Princess at Buckingham Palace and Windsor, some new—are the chief attraction of Lady Peacock's "The Story of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), a simply, formally written quarto memoir "mainly for children," handsomely illustrated, with five colour plates.

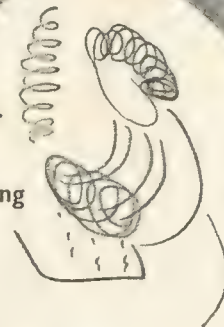
THREE feature novels lead the fiction this month. Richard Llewellyn's "A Few Flowers for Shiner" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is a panoramic story of a truck-trek south during the Italian campaign to plant cuttings on a dead comrade's grave and photograph it for his "missus." At the wheel is an 8th Army driver, Snowy, whose main interests are his wife and two kiddies at home and his truck, Rosie, from Alamein. He has a 1st Army man for mechanic, picks up a Yank and the alluring U.S. wife of an Italian prince on her way to visit him in a prisoners' camp. They talk and talk in Army and U.S. slang—possibly, too much. The drama is in the strange, passionate relationship which slowly develops between Snowy and the Princess and the exciting adventures which follow when Rosie is hijacked by a racketeering gang of deserters. Mr. Llewellyn's zipped-up dialogue, his emotional directness, lift the story into ace class. It is a "must" for anyone who served in Italy.

Claude Houghton focuses his tale on a young (Continued on page 82)

PRODUCTION SPACE

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man, Bruce Winter, who learns from his guardian, Cardew, that his father killed his mother, then shot himself, twenty-two years ago, and he is illegitimate. Bruce sets out to find the truth about them, contacts some strange characters and a girl with whom he falls in love, and makes a discovery which gives a surprise twist at the end. Here, too, it is the individual style, the psychology, that make "Birthmark" (Collins, 9s. 6d.) distinctive.

Oriel Malet is concerned with the lighter shades of character. Living in Lady Charrington's divided London house is her niece Tatty, tip-toe for a ballet career and the theatre, and in the top flat Henry Crumbull, the kind of psychic investigator who gets wrought up over the supposed ghost of a foully-murdered Black Abbot but "wouldn't know what to do with a White Lady if he saw one," and when he does meet his destined Lucy has to compete with a poltergeist! "The Green Leaves of Summer" (Faber, 10s. 6d.) flutter coolly over other diverting characters, the Academy of Dramatic Art and Ballet, the world of spiritualism and the theatre in a novel written with subtle, delicious humour.

CHARACTER, too, is Noel Streatfeild's strong point in "Mothering Sunday" (Collins, 8s. 6d.), about elderly secretive Anna Caldwell, who suffers a sudden visitation from members of her family and their children. The ensuing action discloses much family history and a skeleton in the family cupboard: the deserter and jailbreaker who was Anna's guarded secret.

ALL the elements of a fast James Hadley Chase story are in "You're Lonely When You're Dead" (Hale, 8s. 6d.). U.S. millionaire Cerf consults about his young

ex-mannequin wife's kleptomania an agency that takes on any job that's "legal and ethical: from arranging a divorce to procuring a white elephant." Under her bathing wrap she had a shape that "set a man crazy, and the two emerald-green handkerchiefs that served as a sunsuit were just a shade too small for the job," so there's plenty of sex-appeal to glamorize the mystery of her sudden disappearance and a network of murders that confront the investigators.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE essays a *Dracula* type romance in "The Man in Armour" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) which describes the adventures of an Italian diplomat sent to spy on a wealthy Baroness whose husband had died from shock in their haunted Tyrolean castle. A diabolical liveried dwarf, a hound as sinister as the Baskervilles', contribute to a grim dungeoned background from which he has to extricate the Baroness's beautiful companion, whom he loves. How adroitly this born story-teller leads one into the tale, using the first-person for added beguilement! Younger writers could study him with profit.

Another vintage veteran is Horace Annesley Vachell, whose Bath thriller "Golden Slippers" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) turns on the suspected poisoning of a rich, elderly baronet and the suspicion attaching to the beneficiaries under his will, especially the young heroine. Fortunately, in civilized Royal Crescent, there is a medical explanation for such happenings!

I don't know if Lozania Prole (what a "nym") has been haunted by Lady Hamilton's ghost since "Our Dearest Emma" (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.) first appeared as a Sunday serial; if so, she must be having a hell of a time, particularly for disclosures like this of Emma under attack from a Sicilian black-

mailer: "He stooped and plucked at the flimsy gown which she wore, grinning as he saw the curves of her body beneath it, pearly in the bluish light of the moon. She squirmed away, grabbing at the satin quilt and wrapping it round herself, realizing for the first time that his attentions were ominous." This is a lusty, heartily readable, fictioneered biography, a gorgeous bouquet from the garden of romance.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

NOVELS

"The Courageous Kilroys," by Monica Ewer (Sampson Low, Marston, 8s. 6d.); "Crumbling Castle," by Patricia Lavelle (Clonmore and Reynolds, 10s. 6d.); "A Duel of Hearts," by Barbara Cartland (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.); "Trumpet for the Soldier," by Michael Dawson (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); "The Christmas Tree," by Isabel Bolton (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.); "Now and Forever," by Mary V. Jordan (Clonmore and Reynolds, 8s. 6d.).

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"That Reminds Me," by Winifred Graham (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.); a new edition of "Memoirs of a Midget," by Walter de la Mare (Faber, 10s. 6d.); "The Adventures of Dr. Barnardo," by A. E. Williams (Allen and Unwin, 5s.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Saints as Guides," edited by C. Desmond Ford, with a foreword by Lady Somers, Chief Commissioner, Girl Guides Association (Burns Oates, 6s.); "The Female Approach," by Ronald Searle (Macdonald, 6s.).

END

A Touch Of Glory (Continued from page 31)

glamorous new world; he bought himself an old-rose tie, a cigarette lighter, and a pair of suede shoes; he looked at all the girls, and stared brazenly at some of them; finally, he began to make excuses whenever she suggested that they should meet. She began to realize that if he was successful as a film actor he would not be hers; in the light of his success he considered that she was not good enough for him.

Eileen suspected that Ken was going about with another girl, but he was evasive and irritable, and it was through his mother that she eventually heard about Daphne.

Ken had had his eye on Daphne for a long time. Nearly everyone at the factory had. She was a typist in the general office, with a rhythmic figure, blue eyes that stabbed you, and babyish, pouting lips that seemed to staunch your wounds. Ken had been disappointed that her eyes did not stab him more often. She was altogether too perfect for him and he knew it; very occasionally he dreamt of her, that was all, and on awakening with a small sigh thought instead of friendly Eileen whose appearance was as impassive as a bolster.

Daphne had, of course, heard of Ken's rise to fame, and had smiled at him. He had shivered. Then, one evening at the staff entrance, she had asked him about the film and exactly what he had to do in it. He told her, and asked her to go to the pictures with him. They saw Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper, and Ken was intoxicated by glamour. A week later she went with him again. He thought he was in love with her. She looked like the Ritz and knew all the answers. He straightened his tie, squared his shoulders, tugged at his shirt cuffs, lit a cigarette. Daphne now! Not doing so dusty, one way and another, Ken lad! It made you think.

A few days before he was due to report for duty at the studios, he was effectively cornered at home by Eileen. She reproached him with disloyalty to her, said that he was making her very miserable; then, gulping and sniffing, that this other girl only liked him for what she could get out of him:

reflected glory, or presents, or both if possible. Success had gone to his head, and in her opinion it was time someone told him where he got off. He was no more a film actor than she was a film actress. Shrewdly, she said: "They simply want you for your face, that's all."

"Well," he said, "what of it?"

"What of it? Have you *seen* your face?"

"No need for you to be rude about it."

"Stupid," she said, "just a great big block-head! They want you to be a laughing-stock. Millions of people will laugh at you."

"Course they will," he said. "What about Laurel and Hardy, then . . . ?"

"But they're doing it on *purpose*, and you're you because you can't help it."

"I can act," Ken said uneasily.

"Act? They just want you to act yourself."

He remembered Mr. Pugh's words: "Just be yourself, that's all." He went to a mirror and surveyed the dull, brown eyes, the low forehead, the open mouth, the thick, projecting lower lip, the air of faint surprise. Well, I'm blowed! So that's what they want, is it?

"A laughing-stock," Eileen repeated, and blew her nose.

Disquieting though this conversation was, he was soon attributing it to Eileen's jealousy. He could see through her all right, wasn't such a fool as she thought. She wanted to put him off his stroke before the film was made. He spent hours looking at his reflection in a mirror. So they wanted him for his stupid face, did they? But there must be something about him, all the same. S.A., for instance. What about his success with Daphne? The mournful, expressionless eyes looked into mournful, expressionless eyes. Eileen's jealous, he thought, that's what. Sticks out a mile.

But a little devil of doubt constantly returned to torment him, and when at last the time came for him to go to the studios it sat on his shoulders, sapping his self-confidence and making him even more suspicious and reserved than usual. He met

actors and actresses and was shy and uneasy; he thought that everyone was smiling at him not with friendliness but with amusement. He was wearing his best suit but he felt clumsy and out of place in the great, oak-panelled restaurant with its huge crystal chandeliers and silent-footed waiters. He was confused by all the smart people, the lights, the noise, the flashes of press photographers at work.

They dressed him up as a hall-porter, they made up his face, and somebody asked him if he knew his lines; he repeated them faultlessly. There were only four of them, and he had been practising them for weeks. He waited about and talked to a man who had a job in the plasterer's department. He played pontoon with two young men who wore polo jerseys. He spent hours reading a Western he had brought in the pocket of his mack. And his thoughts continually returned to one question: did they want him simply so that millions of people could laugh at his silly face, or because he was an actor and had something other people hadn't got?

"Oh, Mr. Pugh, can I ask you something?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

"Why have you given me this part?"

"Why? Because you're just the man for it."

"Yeah," Ken said, nodding, "I see. Do you think I'll get another job after this?"

"Well, I can't really say, but I don't think it's improbable. It depends how you do this time."

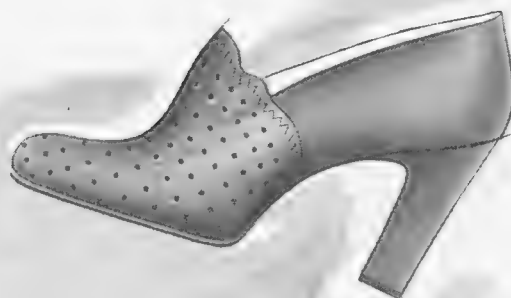
Don't matter whether you look stupid and ugly on purpose or because you can't help it. Ken said to himself afterwards. Don't matter two hoots whether you act or whether you just be yourself as long as you give 'em what they want. That chap Beery and Charles Laughton—what about their faces then? You got something there, Ken boy, something Eileen don't understand.

All at once he was completely reassured. His real position had become clear to him. He straightened his tie, squared his shoulders, tugged at his shirt cuffs, lit a cigarette. He looked about him with new interest, new confidence. "Oh, Martin, the Director's here now. You must come (Continued on page 84)

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because of

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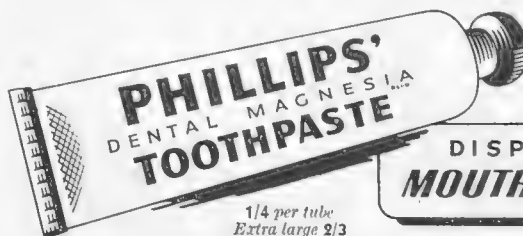


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and meet him. Mr. le Mon, this is Ken Martin."

Mr. le Mon had tousled hair, a firm mouth, and a canary yellow tie. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Martin. Just relax and be yourself, that's all I shall want of you."

Ken was happy again. He was a film actor. Twenty pounds a week, and all you had to do was to hang about all day in case you were wanted, and you never were. He played pontoon, read the papers, did the pools, smoked, talked to the plasterer's assistant and a smart, naughty girl who worked in hair-dressing and had once been shot as an extra. Just be himself and this was his: the luxury and colour of the studios, the Ritzy talk, the small, amber drinks in the bar, the girls, the cars; he kept returning to this realization, brooded on it, planned how to turn it to account. He peered into the mirror and talked and smiled secretly into it. Ask more money next time. Thirty, then forty, then fifty. . . . Long contracts. Go swell places and get used to them, and talking to classy people. Find a really smashing girl with education and everything, someone even better than Daphne, who'd help him on his way to stardom. . . . His calculations became obsessional but he never tired of them.

Someone showed him a paragraph about himself in *Cinematters*, a colourful, sex-ridden weekly, bright with the teeth of lovely, two-dimensional girls. He was enchanted. He read the paragraph dozens of times, then cut it out. By now he had even forgotten Daphne, who had seemed a bit chilly towards him the last time they had met. There was no pleasing some people.

At last the time came for him to take his place on the set in the great building reaching up into darkness. People were busy in the shadows, hurrying, talking, adjusting. Someone called: "O.K. for sound." Mr. le Mon arrived, in a yellow tie, his hair more tousled than ever, and explained to Ken for the twentieth time exactly what he had to do. Ken stood in the hall of a block of flats, and forming a dreadful semicircle round him were the great cameras, lights, cables, girls and young men with notebooks and pencils. Mr. le Mon, his assistant, his assistant's assistant, and, although Ken did not know this at the time, the great Mr. Mainwaring-Feaver himself, accompanied by his Personal Assistant, his Financial Adviser, his Chief Technical Adviser, and two private secre-

taries. There was also a host of other watchers.

"Come on now, let's have it," said Mr. le Mon.

A breathless gentleman in evening clothes wearing a dark overcoat came up to Ken and asked him whether Mrs. Delaware was at home. Ken gazed at him, replied: "She hasn't been back, sir, since dinner time."

"We'll have that again," said Mr. le Mon.

They had it again, and again and again. Mr. le Mon was evidently displeased with their performance. He put a sort of spy glass to his eye and looked at Ken. "Relax, Martin, just be yourself." "Mr. Martin will have to speak up a little," someone said. "Remember, Martin," said Mr. le Mon, "you're supposed to be a bit of a fool. You know the mess you make of your examination in the Court scene? Well, look like a fool. That's all I want of you."

It seemed to Ken that they acted the same bit twenty times. They rested. Someone attended to Ken's make-up. They acted it again. "O.K.," said Mr. le Mon. "We'll shoot." Lights blazed up, Ken felt walled in by their heat. "Ready!" Mr. le Mon cried. There was absolute silence. A bell sounded. "Camera!" Mr. le Mon cried. A breathless gentleman in evening clothes wearing a dark overcoat came up to Ken and asked him whether Mrs. Delaware was at home. . . .

They did that piece several more times, and the next day acted the Court scene again and again until Ken was infinitely weary of it. "Just be yourself," said Mr. le Mon. Oh, stick a sock in it, Ken thought.

The afternoon after that, he was told that Mr. Pugh wished to speak to him in his office.

"Hallo, Martin. Yes, I did want to see you. Look here, I'll come straight to the point: I'm afraid it won't do. Mr. le Mon isn't at all pleased."

Ken gaped. "What's the trouble?"

"Look at this still." Mr. Pugh handed Ken a photograph of himself, head and shoulders, in the uniform of the hall porter. "The face, Martin. It isn't what we want. It isn't what I fell in love with in Oxford Street," he said sadly.

Ken licked his dry lips. "You mean, it's not what I do that's wrong—it's me face?"

Mr. Pugh nodded.

"Has me face changed then?" Ken asked hoarsely.

"Changed, Martin. We've tried somebody

A Touch Of Glory

else out in the part and he's better in it than you are."

"But—but what's happened to me face?" "Frankly," Mr. Pugh said, "it used to be rather blank. In fact, decidedly blank. That was what we wanted for that particular part. The camera had to establish you as a very simple sort of fellow. Right? But now—you can see for yourself—your expression's become cunning, Martin, cunning. Calculating. Look at the mouth and eyes. Look for yourself. If I may put it like this, since you've been at the studios you seem to have lost your innocence."

"Don't get you," Ken said, licking his lips again. "Innocence? You mean I'm fired? And I shan't be in the picture at all?"

"I'm sorry to have to say that's just what I do mean. If you'll kindly go and see the Chief Cashier. . . ."

Ken had become used by now to going about in a dream, but it was an unpleasant dream on his way home that evening.

"Never mind," said his mother. "You always been happy enough at the factory."

"Not in the picture after all?" said his father. "They swindled you, boy. No matter about the money, they swindled you. Don't tell me."

"I always knew there was a catch in it somewhere," said his sister.

"I don't get it. I simply don't get it," Ken said to Eileen when she came round after supper. "You look silly and they give you a job in a film. You go places, meet people, see life, and it gets you thinking. You don't look so silly any more. What happens?" he demanded, tears starting into his eyes. "You lose your job, that's what happens. They want you to look silly, that's what they want."

Eileen smiled compassionately at the disappointment and puzzlement she saw in his face, touched his cheek with her fingertips.

"We shall be all right, Ken. You'll soon be like you were before."

He gulped, looked down. "You're a good girl, Eileen. You stand by a chap whatever happens, you do."

For a little while they were silent.

"No point in sitting here moping," she said. "Suppose you take me to the pictures?"

"O.K.," he said, "if you want to. Be something to do."

END

Cardigans In Two Sizes (Continued from page 44)

A SHAPED JACKET FOR THE PETITE

twice, 1. 2; rep. from * to last 8 sts., 1. 3, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 2.

6th row.—P. 1. 3, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 2, * (1. 1, d. 1) twice, 1. 5, (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, 1. 1; rep. from * to end.

7th row.—K., * (1. 1, d. 1) twice, 1. 7, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1; rep. from * to last 8 sts. (1. 1, d. 1) twice, 1. 4.

8th row.—P. 1. 5, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, * 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 9, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1; rep. from * to end.

9th row.—K., * 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 11, d. 1; rep. from * to last 8 sts., 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 6.

10th row.—As 8th row. **11th row.**—As 7th row. **12th row.**—As 6th row. **13th row.**—As 5th row. **14th row.**—As 4th row. **15th row.**—As 3rd row. ** Rep. from ** to ** until work measures 23 ins. from bottom of hem, then shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 pins and 1., cast on 74 sts. Work in st.st. for 12 rows, with 8 sts. at front edge in garter st. Make a hem as on back. Continue in st.st. with 8 sts. in garter st. at front edge as before, dec. at seam edge on every 4th row until work measures 6 ins.

Make a double buttonhole thus:

1st row (right side of work).—K. 2, cast off 3, k. 5, cast off 3, k. to end.

2nd row.—P. to last 8 sts. Cast on 3, p. 3, k. 3, cast on 3, k. 2.

Continue in st.st. with garter st. border, dec. as before until sts. are reduced to 59.

Continue straight until work measures 7 ins. from the bottom of hem.

Change to No. 12 pins and still keeping 8 sts. in garter st., work in k. 1, p. 1, rib on the remaining 51 sts. for 1½ ins. Make a second double buttonhole thus:

1st row (right side of work).—K. 2, cast off 3, k. 2, rib 3, cast off 3. Rib to end.

2nd row.—Rib to last 8 sts., cast on 3, rib 3, k. 3, cast on 3, k. 2.

Work in rib and garter st. for 1½ ins. Change to No. 10 pins and continue in st.st. with garter st. border and inc. at seam edge on every 4th row until sts. are increased to 74, making 2 more buttonholes each 2½ ins. apart in the same manner as the first. Continue straight until work measures 16 ins. from the bottom of hem.

Shape armhole by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next row, starting at seam edge, and dec. at the same edge on the following 6 rows, and making a final buttonhole 2½ ins. from the last (61 sts.).

Commence Fair Isle yoke thus:

1st row (right side of work).—K. 1. 18, (d. 1, 1. 1) 3 times, d. 1.

2nd row.—P. 1. 1, (d. 1, 1. 11, d. 1, 1. 1) 3 times, d. 1, 1. 9, k. 8 in 1.

3rd row.—K. 1. 16, * (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, d. 1, 1. 9; rep. from * twice, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1.

4th row.—P. (1. 1, d. 1) twice, * 1. 7, (d. 1, 1. 1) 3 times, d. 1; rep. from * twice, 1. 7, k. 8 in 1.

5th row.—K. 1. 14, * d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 3, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 5; rep. from * twice, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 2.

6th row.—P. 1. 3, * d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 3, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 5; rep. from * twice, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 5, k. 8 in 1.

7th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, d. 1, * 1. 7, (d. 1, 1. 1) 3 times, d. 1; rep. from * twice, 1. 4.

8th row.—P. 1. 5, * (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, d. 1, 1. 9; rep. from * twice, (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, d. 1, k. 8 in 1.

9th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. 1. 1, d. 1, * 1. 11, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1; rep. from * twice, 1. 6.

10th row.—P. 1. 5, * (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, d. 1, 1. 9; rep. from * twice, (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, k. 8 in 1.

11th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, * 1. 7, (d. 1, 1. 1) 3 times, d. 1; rep. from * twice, 1. 4.

12th row.—P. 1. 3, * d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 3, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 5; rep. from * twice, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 2 k. 8 in 1.

13th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. (1. 1, d. 1) twice, * 1. 3, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1, 1. 5, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1; rep. from * twice, 1. 2.

14th row.—P. * (1. 1, d. 1) twice, 1. 7, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1; rep. from * twice, (1. 1, d. 1) twice, 1. 3, k. 8 in 1.

15th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. 1. 2, * (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, d. 1, 1. 9; rep. from * twice, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1.

16th row.—P. 1. 1, d. 1, * 1. 11, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1; rep. from * twice, 1. 4, k. 8 in 1.

17th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. 1. 1, * (d. 1, 1. 1) twice, d. 1, 1. 9; rep. from * twice, d. 1, 1. 1, d. 1.

18th row.—P. (1. 1, d. 1) twice, * 1. 7, (d. 1, 1. 1) 3 times, d. 1; rep. from * twice, 1. 1, k. 8 in 1. (Continued on page 86)

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MP/VJ

19th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. d. 1, * 1. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1; rep. from * twice, l. 2.

20th row.—P. 1. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2, * (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2; rep. from * once, (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 6, k. 8 in l.

21st row.—K. 1. 8, dec. l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, * (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 7, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1; rep. from * once, (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 4.

22nd row.—P. 1. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, * 1. 1, d. 1, l. 9, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1; rep. from * once, l. 1, d. 1, l. 7, k. 8 in l.

23rd row.—K. 1. 8, dec. l. 6, d. 1, * 1. 1, d. 1, l. 11, d. 1; rep. from * once, l. 1, d. 1, l. 6.

24th row.—P. 1. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, * 1. 1, d. 1, l. 9, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1; rep. from * once, l. 1, d. 1, l. 6, k. 8 in l.

25th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. l. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, * (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 7, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1; rep. from * once, l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 4.

26th row.—P. 1. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2, * (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2; rep. from * once, (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 3, k. 8 in l.

27th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2, * 1. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2; rep. from * once, l. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2.

28th row.—P. (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 4, * 1. 3, (d. 1, l. 1) 3 times, d. 1, l. 4; rep. from * once, l. 3, d. 1, l. 2, k. 8 in l.

29th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. l. 4, * L. 5, (d. 1, l. 1) twice, d. 1, l. 4; rep. from * once, l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1.

30th row.—P. 1. 1, d. 1, l. 6, * 1. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 6; rep. from * once, l. 5, k. 8 in l.

31st row.—K. 1. 8, dec. l. 3, * 1. 5, (d. 1, l. 1) twice, d. 1, l. 4; rep. from * once, l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1.

32nd row.—P. (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 4, * 1. 3, (d. 1, l. 1) 3 times, d. 1, l. 4; rep. from * once, l. 4, k. 8 in l.

33rd row.—K. 1. 8, dec. l. 2, * 1. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2; rep. from * once, l. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2.

34th row.—P. 1. 3, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2, * (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 2; rep. from * once, l. 3, k. 8 in l.

35th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. l. 1, * (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 7, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1; rep. from * once, (l. 1, d. 1) twice, l. 4.

36th row.—P. 1. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, * 1. 1, d. 1, l. 9, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1; rep. from * once, l. 2, k. 8 in l.

37th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. * 1. 1, d. 1, l. 11, d. 1; rep. from * once, l. 1, d. 1, l. 6.

38th row.—P. 1. 5, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, * 1. 1, d. 1, l. 9, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1; rep. from * once, l. 1, k. 8 in l.

39th row.—K. 1. 8, dec. * d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 7, (d. 1, l. 1) twice; rep. from * once, d. 1, l. 1, d. 1, l. 4 (44 sts.).

Work should measure approximately 23 ins. Now shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, starting at the armhole edge.

Continue in garter st. upon the last 8 sts. for 2 ins. Leave sts. on a spare pin.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front but reversing the shaping and omitting the buttonholes and reading each row on yoke backwards thus:

1st row (right side of work).—D. 1, (l. 13, d. 1) 3 times, l. 18, etc.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 10 pins and l., cast on 66 sts. Work in st.st. for 12 rows. Make a hem as before.

Continue in st.st., inc. at each end of every 8th row until there are 104 sts. on pin. Continue straight until work measures 19 ins. from bottom of hem.

Shape top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 74 sts. remain and then dec. at each end of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve to match.

THE POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 pins and l., cast on 36 sts. and work in patt. as on back yoke for 38 rows. Break off d. Change to No. 12 pins and l. Work in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

MAKING UP

Press all parts, except ribbing. Join seams and insert sleeves. Graft garter st. border at back of neck. Slip-stitch garter st. facings neatly to wrong side of work round front edges. Oversew round buttonhole edges. Sew buttons to match buttonholes. Stitch pockets in required positions.

END

A JUMPER CARDIGAN FOR THE MEDIUM FIGURE

(Continued from page 44)

d. across the l. yoke.

1st row.—K. 1. 2, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2, l. 10, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2, l. 2.

2nd row.—P. 1. 1, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2, l. 12, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2, l. 1.

3rd row.—K. (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2, l. 14, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2.

4th row.—P. d. 1, (l. 4, d. 2) 9 times, l. 16, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 1.

5th row.—K. (l. 4, d. 2) 9 times, l. 18, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times.

6th row.—P. 1. 3, (d. 2, l. 4) 8 times, d. 2, l. 20, (d. 2, l. 4) 8 times, d. 2, l. 3.

Continue in the above manner working 2 sts. more in l. st.st. on every row in the centre of work and 1 st. less in patt. at either side until there are 17 sts. in patt at each side and 92 sts. in l. in the centre. Change to No. 9 pins and shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 8 rows (94 sts.). Continue straight in all l. st.st. until work measures 23 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 pins and l. cast on 67 sts.

1st row (right side of work).—K. d. 1, (l. 4, d. 2) 11 times.

2nd row.—P. as 1st row.

3rd row.—K. l. 1, (d. 2, l. 4) 11 times.

4th row.—P. 1. 3, (d. 2, l. 4) 10 times, d. 2, l. 2.

5th row.—K. as 4th row.

6th row.—P. l. 1, (d. 2, l. 4) 11 times.

Continue in patt. as on the last 6 rows, dec. at the seam edge on every 3rd row until sts. are reduced to 55, keeping carefully to continuity of patt. Continue straight until work measures 6½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then change to No. 12 pins for 2 ins. Change back to No. 8 pins and continue in patt.

Cardigans In Two Sizes

inc. at the seam edge on every 3rd row 8 times (63 sts.). Continue straight to the end of a patt., then commence working in l. yoke thus:

1st row.—K. 1. 5, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2, l. 2.

2nd row.—P. 1. 1, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2, l. 6.

3rd row.—K. 1. 7, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times, d. 2.

4th row.—P. d. 1, (l. 4, d. 2) 9 times, l. 8.

5th row.—K. 1. 9, (d. 2, l. 4) 9 times.

6th row.—P. 1. 3, (d. 2, l. 4) 8 times, d. 2, l. 10.

Continue in the above manner, working 1 st. more in l. for the yoke on every row and 1 st. less in patt. on the side sts. until there are 17 sts. in patt. at the side and 46 sts. in l. at centre. Change to No. 9 pins, shaping armhole by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, starting at seam edge, and dec. at the same edge on the following 8 rows (47 sts.). Continue straight in all l. st.st. until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape neck by casting off 12 sts. at the beg. of the next row, starting at front edge and dec. at the same edge on the next 3 rows (32 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 23 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, starting at armhole edge.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front but reversing all shapings and reading rows backwards thus:

1st row.—K. (d. 2, l. 4) 11 times, d. 1.

THE RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Using No. 12 pins and d., cast on 12 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. *Make a buttonhole by casting off the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th sts. on the next row and casting on 4 sts. in their place on following row. Work in k. 1, p. 1 for 1½ ins., then rep. from * until you have worked ¾ in. after the 11th buttonhole. Break off wool and leave sts. on a spare pin.

THE LEFT FRONT BORDER

Work as for right border but omitting the buttonholes.

THE NECK BORDER

Oversew borders to front edges of cardigan, stretching borders slightly as you sew. Join both shoulders. Now, holding the right side of work towards you and using No. 12 pins and d., work in k. 1, p. 1, across 12 border sts. from right front, pick up and k. 102 sts. round neck, then lastly, work in k. 1, p. 1, across sts. from left front border. Work in k. 1, p. 1, for ¾ in., then make a final buttonhole; 2 more rows of rib, then cast off in rib.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 12 pins and d., cast on 80 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, for 1½ ins. Change to No. 9 pins and l. and continue in st.st., inc. at each end of every 4th row 9 times (98 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 74 sts. remain. Now dec. at each end of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

MAKING UP

Press lightly all parts, except ribbing. Join seams and insert sleeves. Sew buttons to match buttonholes.

END

The Couldn't-Care-Less Generation

(Continued from page 13)

on "I couldn't care less" on every occasion, since a constant minority usage—freely by phony "arty" boys and girls, intellectual puppies, "numbers" and other "characters" with a following—is beginning to cling to a whole generation.

Perhaps the least offensive ones are those who sleep outside the Albert Hall, professing a passion for Bach and Brahms, and who couldn't care less if the Red Army landed in Kent—provided it didn't interfere with the next proms! These types deserve kicking only when found to be State trainees leisurely preparing for life at the taxpayers' expense, which seems to be often the case.

Here, I imagine, we grow warm. There's a demonstrable relationship between the post-

war spread of couldn't-care-lessness and the fawning flattery and adulation, the soft soap and rose water, which have been poured on young people. It's enough to give a swollen head to St. Francis himself! When politicians aren't spouting that the world belongs to youth, newspapers are proclaiming that youth alone matters, and front-page juvenile debates and forums as if the studious young publicity-chasers were rewriting the old French adage commencing "Si jeunesse savait."

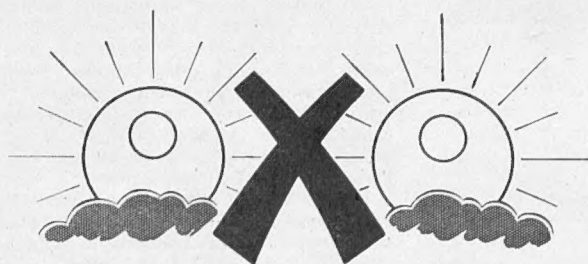
Of course it's mostly a ramp to make sure of votes and readers, just as Hitler and Mussolini followed the same technique to assure themselves of "bayonets." But if the young are told often enough that they are all

the cat's whiskers, the bonniest, best-educated ever, the hope of mankind, paladins of the dawn, etc., etc., why, in the end they begin to believe it, and lo, inflated egos are born, and our young friends are being conditioned towards couldn't-care-lessness.

The catchphrase is to be heard in all social layers, and I hesitate to fix on any one of them, but talk of the "tinker's cuss" description feeds the vanity of young folk, causing them to imagine they hold society in the hollow of their hands, which in turn breeds a sans-gêne whence springs couldn't-care-lessness as naturally as water from mountain rock.

What else are some of our fancy strikes—Smithfield, working (Continued on page 88)

From
SUNRISE to SUNSET



Everyday

is an

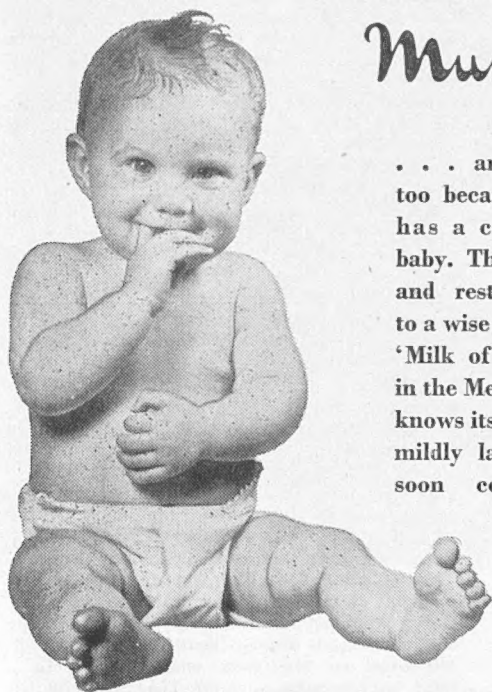
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DAY



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'Milk of Magnesia'

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Britannia & Eve for March, 1950

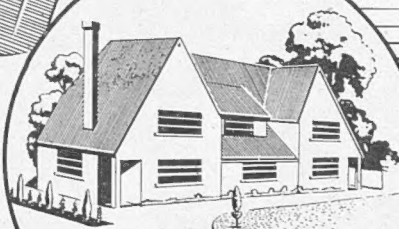
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the Quality*



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to rule—but the very expression of “I couldn’t care less”—and it’s a sure thing that young extremists do the kindling. What else is all this street hooliganism, than a confident disregard for other people, in respect of whom the young miscreants, their heads turned, couldn’t care less? Their heads turned by flattery and “feather-bed” treatment.

How few are wrought to shoulder life and retain a sense of proportion when heaped with such buncombe! For what are the facts—in Britain, the United States, France, Italy, Germany? I know the ill varies, also the excuse, but in the round there never has been such juvenile crime and viciousness, and not since mass education was ushered in in the ‘sixties, has the wide run of schools and college learning shown such poor results. Statistics about school certificates and specialization won’t alter the picture. On the contrary, these two were latterly advanced as the main causes (over-concentration) of young persons’ flabbergasting ignorance of everyday affairs.

This came to a head in a broadcast programme featuring schoolgirls in the thirteen—sixteen age-group, who had won through in a “top of the class” series. They were asked—to what countries belonged Tito, Spaak, Malan, Costello, Franco, Hoffmann and Marshall, and only the Americans were guessed right. In defence, it was argued that the girls (who themselves couldn’t have cared less) couldn’t afford the time for a ten minutes’ study of the affairs of their country and the world every day. Which provoked one letter to the Press on these lines:—

“Boys and girls working for their school

certificates are going to be voters before very long. Is it too much to expect that they should prepare for this responsibility by educating themselves in public affairs in exactly the same way as the embryo banker, secretary or dressmaker does by learning the elements of arithmetic, spelling or needlework?”

And the second letter from a pupil teacher claiming to speak for thousands of other ex-Service trainee teachers:—

“Psychologists and educationists insist that the “play way” is the only real way of learning; solid application to books is almost frowned upon; the cane is regarded as being medieval; and all children are frustrated angels. Our benign psychiatrists look with favour on ‘free expression’ and children should not be made to work. Parents, instead of backing up the teachers, prefer their children to go uncorrected.”

I imagine we are here well in the formative stage of “couldn’t-care-lessness,” and the picture is advanced a stage further in a third letter:—

“Perhaps the laziest people in modern society are the teenagers, who live in luxury compared with pre-war days. They are pampered with high wages, first-class working conditions, and excellent facilities for education. Their outlook is centred on trashy books and films. The boys are hoodlums in embryo, defiant and uncouth, while the girls are brazen and unrefined.”

Each of the countries I mentioned have their special dosage of “couldn’t-care-less.”

The Couldn’t-Care-Less Generation

I have room only to compare the United States with Britain, and that all too briefly.

America’s main contribution to the cult comes from the teenagers. American teenagers have carved out, and isolated, an entirely new age-period—and could there care less about bans on amatory, and other experiences of the senses and emotions! Do you know what “hot fudge” means? Nor do I. But “dope rings” are common, and serious crime the youngsters take in their stride, knowing that psychiatrists will get them into beautiful treatment institutes.

It’s an established fact over here, too, that young offenders couldn’t care less about the sentences—or lack of sentences—which await them. “I dreamt that I lived in Borstal halls” could be their theme song. Where the effect is different in Britain, is over work. Americans who couldn’t care less about this and that, never cease to care for working hard for suitable gain, whereas State coddling of young workers here, fosters that “world owes me a living” mentality whose issue is slackening.

I trust I haven’t taken this subject too serious? After all, the sublime four words are constantly used in a variety of contexts, many of them joyous and of lamb-like innocence. “Shall we go to the pictures?” “I couldn’t care less.” “Do you wish me to invite Diana?” “I . . .” But I think I’ve written the sublime four words quite often enough, and that you C. C. L. if I now finish.

END

And Six Men Died (Continued from page 24)

Questions were asked again in the House of Commons, and when it was said that “At least £7,000 is needed to ship the monolith home” verbal explosions were rich and fruity, often quite unparliamentarian. “Useless . . . ?” asked an exasperated Opposition, “not only useless, but . . . but . . . !” The uproar was hushed at last. But two years later, in 1853, the directors of The Sydenham Palace Company made known their desire “to have this obelisk for our Egyptian Court.” Moreover, they offered to meet all expenses of transport; and the effect of this pronouncement was startling. It appeared, after all, that the “lump o’ stone” was, in effect, “national property,” and so, argued the Government, “it could only be loaned to the Company.” Once again, with everybody disagreeing, the project was dropped.

Fourteen years went by; in Egypt the Khedive wished to reimburse himself for recent heavy expenses, and decided to sell a parcel of that area over which such memorable battles had been fought. The highest bidder was a Greek. And his purchase included the prostrate obelisks; whereupon, he served notice on the Khedive, to the effect that unless “this worthless impedimenta is removed forthwith” he intended “breaking it up to use for building material.” The Khedive shuddered; he could imagine this relic of Cleopatra’s days becoming part of some flamboyant hotel, or the walls of a block of villas. . . .

In London, for the past ten years, learned societies and the Government had been cajoled by the Khedive’s good friend, General Alexander, whose wish it was that the monument be acquired in memory of the soldiers and sailors who had fought in Egypt; and to Egypt hurried the gallant general, to find the monument still whole, still buried by sand. Back in London he quickly obtained the enthusiastic support of among others, Professor Erasmus Wilson, who signed a bond for £10,000, to be paid to one John Dixon, civil engineer, “. . . when the Needle reaches England.”

They discussed ways and means, and eventually Dixon suggested what was at first claimed to be “a rather foolish idea.” He said he would proceed to the Thames Iron Works, and interview the directors, who were, he felt, the only practical men who might help

achieve his idea. To them he outlined his scheme. It would not be a simple matter, they told him, but at least they would try. They visualized “an iron, cylindrical pontoon, 92 feet long and 15 feet beam.” They would build it, test it, dismantle it, then take it in sections to Alexandria. And, thus, the “Strangest Ship in the World” took shape, and was formally christened *Cleopatra*, entered as such in the Registry of Shipping, dismantled and transported to Egypt.

The monument was raised, foot by foot, from its bed of sand, and the “ship” was rebuilt around it; infinite care was taken to secure the strange cargo in the very centre of the vessel, which was packed securely with “elastic timber-cushions” to prevent rolling and damage. Plating was riveted into position as the work of loading proceeded, and, at last, the ship *Cleopatra* was made watertight and seaworthy. They rolled her on planks to the water’s edge, launched her bulk into the sea, steadied her, and built deck houses for the crew of Maltese seamen who had been signed-on for the voyage to London. On September 21, 1877, the ocean-going tug *Olga* took her in tow and steamed slowly out of Alexandria.

Twenty-three days passed uneventfully; then, in the Bay of Biscay, the weather broke. A vast weight of water crashed on to the *Cleopatra*, shifted the ballast packing, threw the strange vessel almost upright on her beam end. In a furious weight of seas the *Olga* made little headway; snap decisions were called for and given. The towing hawser was severed and slipped, and the obelisk-ship drifted into the shrieking wind with her frightened crew abroad. Back in the *Olga* the second mate called for volunteers, a boat was lowered, and with five seamen he set out to seek the parted tow. Another huge sea roared down on them . . . they were overwhelmed, blotted-out. Steadily, but despairing of success, the tug’s skipper manoeuvred his vessel, got a line aboard the *Cleopatra*, succeeded in launching a second boat, and the crew of the tow were rescued without harm. But by now darkness had closed over a tragic scene, and the *Cleopatra* was lost in the raging night. In London people nodded their heads knowingly. . . . Nearly two months passed, and then word

reached England from the steamship *Frogmaurice*, outward-bound—among whose crew was James Sexton, future “Dockers’ M.P.”—that the derelict *Cleopatra* had been sighted, drifting easily, off Vigo, into which port it was towed; some weeks later the *Anglia* took the obelisk-ship in tow and brought it safely into Gravesend.

The House of Commons raised its collective eyebrows; somebody asked where “this monstrosity” was to be erected; somebody else replied: “Surely, the most suitable place would be Tilt Yard, opposite the Horse Guards?” And somebody else wanted to know what was the matter with Parliament Square? Long before the House rose, that particular question was answered by the enraged directors of the Metropolitan District Railway, who angrily deplored the “whole silly project” and demanded “a guarantee against risk of accident to passengers in our trains!” So, at last, the obelisk went to the Embankment, and was there erected on September 12, 1878; from Buckingham Palace came a message: “Her Majesty is very gratified by the safe arrival of the Needle.” The critics said their last word: “It adorns nothing, emphasizes nothing, and by nothing is emphasized.”

And a certain self-eminent City Father, in his robes of office, told an audience: “It is erected on this worthy spot. It once belonged to that famous Egyptian beauty, Queen Cleopatra . . . it stood in front of her Palace of . . . uh . . . um . . . Love . . . and it’s called a monolith from two Greek words, namely *mono*, which means a . . . uh . . . a stone, and—and—*lith* . . . !”

But there it was, at last, towering above Thames-side, 68½ ft. high, set on a grey granite pedestal 18 ft. 6 in. high, including the steps.

On the fourth side of the pedestal, facing the river and almost invisible is a tablet, memorial to six men who died: “In a bold attempt to succour the crew of the obelisk-ship *Cleopatra*.” “It would be safe,” wrote a contemporary historian, “to offer a prize of any magnitude to that person who could name these six heroes.” They were: William Askew, James Gardiner, Joseph Benbow, Michael Burne, William Donald, William Paton.

END



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CUSTARD

STEWED
APPLE

JAM



PASTRY

Line a sandwich tin with short-crust pastry. Bake in hot oven (425°F. Gas 6) until golden-brown.

Spread first with jam and then layer of stewed apple. Make Bird's smooth, creamy Custard, using a little more custard powder than shown in directions, so that it will set firmly. Allow to cool slightly and fill crust. Serve cold, cut in generous slices.

Make Farmhouse Custard Pies two at a time... the family is sure to come back for more.